THE COMMONWEAL

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LANTERNS AND TORCHES

THE refusal of Pius XI to sanction the use of electric light for illuminating the Basilica of Saint Peter's on the occasion of the recent canonization solemnities, ought to provide a fine text for those who accuse the Church of ignoring the improvements and innovations that science stands ready to furnish it. The arguments in favor of the old way are not of a sort that will convince the advocates of new wine in old bottles. It was in the line of tradition; its purpose, which was to outlive the architectural detail of Michelangelo's great monument and not to steer wandering airplanes, was excellently achieved; and it brought that dim and misty figure of our youth—the candlestick-maker, into conceivable alignment with his more familiar brothers, the butcher and baker.

Such considerations will not comfort the advocate of progress for progress's sake. He will feel an official snub has been administered to amperes, ohms and kilowatts by the highest ecclesiastical authority. He will relate the torches and lanterns to a Catholic preference for light that does not shine beyond the next toe-hold. He will once more translate "lux in tenebris," as "darkness made visible." He will find a fresh text for his hackneyed and favorite sermon—Catholic conservativeness for conservation's sake.

To the Catholic, the evidence that he belongs to a very conservative body needs no driving home. It surrounds him in the immense volume of what she has managed to conserve—the "dead languages" used in his liturgy, the ancient fashion of Mass and vestments, the precept which brings him monthly (or thereabout) to an examination of conscience in whose homely phrasing commercial expediency becomes plain lying, and libidos plain lust.

He is a dweller in a very venerable structure indeed, devised, it sometimes seems, even to him, rather for safety than for comfort. If it tempts him often to raise up his eyes, it sometimes forces him to bend his neck. If its architects have given him a sound roof over his head, they have sometimes given him a hard and chill pavement under his feet. Such as it is, it is his House, in which, if God is merciful to him, his days will be lived out, whose corridors feet unborn will tread, whose foundations the gates of hell will never lay bare. Even the duty of being polite to visitors does not at all times conceal his boredom, when condescending strangers grow eloquent on its beauty and its anachronisms. Proposals to wire the ceilings of the old fabric for better lighting, or to pipe its walls for better heating, and in other ways, to

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modernize it, seem to him not so much irreverent as irrelevant.

Fashions mark the passage of time—they also register the inconstancy of the human heart. They are part of a vast paraphernalia of illusion with which men strive to give themselves the impression that a life is fantastically long which really is tragically short. There is something in the stealthy and imperceptible process by which hours grow to days, days become years, and years, centuries—which dismays and oppresses. To gaze upon a crowded street in an ancient city, remembering that the tide of life has never ceased to fill it through centuries, though not a face remains that was there seventy years ago, is to weep, like Xerxes contemplating his army; or with gentle Edward Pusey to wonder "how long, untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow."

Fashion steadies this vertigo of time face to face with infinity. It is the second hand of the world's watch making the passage of time perceptible, while the minute hand of progress moves slowly, and the hour hand of evolution does not seem to budge at all.

Once in every few hundred years revolution gives the mechanism an impatient tweak—maybe forward, maybe backward. Then things do change for all the world to see. The French Revolution was a great daylight-saving movement when two lives were lived in the normal span of one. But for most generations art is all too long, and time all too fleeting. Alas, for those who wait upon outward change to achieve their hearts' desire! Change, if it comes at all, comes when we are past making profit of it and have grown, irrationally as is man's nature, to cling to the old. The clock we watch has been ticking in our own veins and arteries. "Deluded by hope," Schopenhauer has told us, "man dances into the arms of death."

But if fashion cheats the monotony of life, it is also its very nature to be ephemeral. Victor Hugo has pointed out that a man who is like everyone else will end, if he lives long enough, by being unlike everyone else. The world is full of survivals that were once innovations, and of discoveries that are really rediscoveries. Most men grow conservative with age, not so much by conscious dislike of change, as because their power to accommodate themselves to it has come to an end through sheer saturation. Humbug-hating old Samuel Johnson had some plain words to say upon the matter which we may be excused from quoting from their very plainness. Consciously or unconsciously, most of us who have survived the opportunities and importunities of youth, find ourselves headed for a human constant, our share in which with our fellows, living and dead, not all the fashions all the world can invent will conceal from us any longer. It is a painful process, made up partly of a realization of how little we can affect the world, and partly of how little its inventions affect us. New eases bring new diseases. The old habit of living insecurely and dying unreadily persists, whether men sanitate amid glazed tiles or live with the dung-heap at their door.

It is precisely because the Church's mission is to this constant in human nature and human destiny that she seems conservative and hidebound to those for whom every nibble at the circumference of the unknown, no matter how tawdrily exploited and perversely misinterpreted, rings up the curtain on a new epoch. She persists in identifying sin under all manner of bizarre disguises invented by the psychology of the moment. She is not moved an inch from her belief in miracle, because the manifestations she ascribes to the intercession of God's mother and His saints are parodied by new cults that make bodily welfare their creed. For one man or woman who by "right-thinking" and deep breathing can claim to have added a cubit to their spiritual stature she counts a hundred whose only cry when at bay is the old "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" For one sophisticated sinner, who can frame scientific sanctions for what the world calls "self-expression," but herself, concupiscence, she is aware of a score of darkened and bewildered souls in whom consciousness of guilt wakes at the first fiery foretaste of retribution. Paganism is nothing new to her, for she was cradled in it. She knows the sins by which Rome and Byzantium fell, and can recognize them when they mince back into human practice, tricked out in scientific terminologies and whitewashed by the heavy thinker.

Catholics are not in the habit of seeking natural reasons for the permanence of their faith. But those outside might find the hint of a reason in this very ignoring of the fashions which the world puts on and off, this very accessibility to the terms in which quite ignorant and blundering folk, for whom such things never get beyond the skin, do their thinking. A church in which wheat and wine and oil remain the material channels through which the Creator reaches the creature, is not a church that has any modesty in assigning science a sphere which it over-passes only to be turned back. It is pretty certain that, at the moment these lines are being written, half a score of typewriters are ticking away in the Curia under the nimble and radiant bulbs that will always be associated with Brush and Edison. Only this week correspondents from Rome are reporting negotiations between the authorities in charge of the fabric and ceremonials of Saint Peter's by which it may be possible to install a whole system of wireless lighting which will ante-date even the wires and switch-boards which many feel are an incongruity, and, where they invade the sanctuary, a positive infraction of church discipline. But when the roof and walls of the great basilica blazed out last July in honor of America's proto-martyrs the man who never leaves the Vatican did not have recourse to these or any other innovations. He chose the fire through which the children walk unscathed, and the lantern that is set in the window to guide the prodigal home.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE strike in the anthracite fields will continue. It is likely enough also that the bituminous industry will be affected, with the result that the prices, which various dealers have already tilted slightly upward, may go high. For the time being, Mr. Lewis, the Mine Workers' president, has riveted his attention upon John Hays Hammond's alleged attempt at talking Washington into nationalizing the coal industry. "Press accounts reviving a discussion of the theory of nationalization of the coal industry do not originate with the mine workers," says Mr. Lewis. "They are primarily concerned only with the proposition of securing a wage agreement that will permit the anthracite industry to resume operation. It is Mr. Hammond who proposes that the Republican majority in Congress shall depart from its policy and, through legislation, establish a semi-regulation of the industry."

THE animus of these remarks is clear. Mr. Lewis and those he represents obviously do not care for federal control, and are confident of their ability to battle ahead for what they desire. If in England the Labor program generally calls for nationalization of the mines, it is because the British Labor party is politically powerful, and has tended more and more to press its demands through the extension of state power and control. There is no great apparent desire on the part of American workers to develop an extra-economic organization. The sole guarantee of lasting peace in the coal-fields, therefore, unless we care to face the prospect of economic exhaustion on one side or the other, is the gradual development of coöperative operation—a movement only in its infancy among us, but destined to grow in direct proportion as the encyclicals of Leo XIII are transformed into social action. Unfortunately the situation does not afford much hope that the public, so dependent upon the stability of this vital industry, will be relieved of worry or added expenditure for some time to come.

THE annual Labor Sunday message of the Federal Council of Churches is in virtual agreement with what has been said on the same subject by authorized Catholic spokesmen. Coöperation is stressed as the remedy for social disturbance. Possibly the document may be a little more optimistic than circumstances justify, but there is a salutary tonic in observations like these—"Free and intelligent coöperation affords the only sure foundation for American industry. While labor is pursuing this policy, an increasing number of responsible business men hold to the same conviction and are giving it outspoken expression. Manifestations of this point of view are appearing in the railroad service, in the notable agreement of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad with the International Machinists' Union, and in the more recent agreements of the unions with other railways; in the willingness of so many large industries to take the initiative in setting up workers' councils within their establishments; and in the efforts of the Department of Commerce to bring about constructive coöperation within industry to correct its own evils and to reduce forms of economic waste." All these facts mean that responsible men are willing to take the future into account while conducting industries for service and profit. Since it is obviously part of the mission of Christianity to apply the mandates of charity to social living, it is encouraging to see that messages from the Federal Council of Churches and the social action department of the Catholic Welfare Conference are listened to with increasing respect, and not brushed off-hand into the realm of "theory."

PRESIDENT DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, of the New York Life Insurance Company, who is just home from two months in Europe, has given reporters two estimates of post-war conditions in England and in France, which, rough and ready as they are, make a striking comparison. England he found "facing a very serious situation." "She will pull through, of course," Mr. Kingsley added cheerfully. "She generally does." In France he found "prosperity everywhere." "Pulling through," and "muddling through," are processes of which Britain appears to possess such a monopoly that one hesitates to question their adequacy a moment. But a report just released for any who care to study it, by the French Bureau of Information, supplies a few items which may not be without their bearing on the very different nature of what the American traveler observes in two countries separated by twenty-one miles of sea.

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IT concerns the activities of two railroads, the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée and the Orléans during the year 1924, carried out on behalf of agricultural interests in the districts they serve. Not to be prolix, these activities include—first, an extended commission in England to study the conditions of the import of fresh fruit and vegetables; second, four agricultural expositions in Paris, Strasburg, Lyons and Languedoc; third, an organized trip to Italy to study the selection of wheat and the silk-worm industry, with prizes for the most successful breeders of silk-worms in France; fourth, the distribution to forty communes of 60,000 mulberry trees, and 2,000 walnut trees; fifth, conventions at country fairs to discuss local problems in the raising of fruit and small vegetables; sixth, the distribution of literature on pest cures, weed destroyers, and chemical manures.

IT is an interesting speculation to wonder just how much time and how much money, within the same period was spent by railroad shareholders upon any form of agricultural enterprise in industrialized Britain, where the divorce from the soil, in which lies the safety of nations great and small alike, grows more accentuated every year, where the only remedy for conditions that Mr. Kingsley is not the only American to notice is "more of the same," and where it seems at times that Mr. Gilbert Chesterton is the only prophet left patriotic enough to point out the dangers that lie in wait for a land of landless men. There are plenty of tares in the French wheat, as has been pointed out more than once in these columns—irreligion, low natality, drift to the cities, the Communist menace. It is the corporate effort to grapple with them, so evident in one country, so absent in the other, that compels our admiration for our old friend and ally.

THERE is a very strong hint to our judiciary in the letter which the New York Times published last week from an Atlantic City correspondent on the subject of the age and legal status of the men who are charged with the duty of collecting and presenting the case for the state in criminal and civil cases; and the suggestion that the much-advertised Commission on Crime might take it to heart is timely. The correspondent, whose name, unfortunately, is not given, seems to know whereof he speaks when he refers indignantly to the recent appointment by United States District Attorney Buckner of eighteen aides, "who are glad to accept low salaries to get training in courts," and declares that "right here" the Crime Commission "can put its finger on one of the worst evils of our judicial system," and "solve the riddle of why so many of our criminals escape punishment."

THE position of the very young lawyer, whose sheepskin is hardly dry, and who finds himself opposed by one of the highly-briefed veterans of the bar, is a difficult one, no matter how honest and enthusiastic he may be. If it be a criminal case, everything is against the prosecution—the wealth and repute of counsel for the defense, his familiarity with the court and court procedure, his skill in taking exceptions and in directing his appeal to the jury, the attention always paid by press and public to the spectacle of a man on trial for life or liberty, and which sometimes degenerates into a perverse sympathy. No matter how honest and enthusiastic he may be, the incentive to a young District Attorney in securing a conviction, is altogether less than that of his senior in securing an acquittal, and its reward less immediate and tangible. If it be a civil case in which he finds himself opposed by some powerful corporation, the temptation to a young lawyer with his way to make of securing powerful friends by a little docility in the right place, hardly needs to be stressed. However "big" the men lined up against it, the biggest job is always that of representing the people of a democracy and their interests. The quality of the men selected to do so and their financial reward should be commensurate.

AMERICAN speakers with new light to throw on knotty problems are meeting with an inhospitable reception in Europe these days, and unless something can be done to stop it, what Mr. Dooley used ungrammatically to term "them bonds" are going to be subjected to considerable strain. Only the other day, at Stockholm, Bishop Cannon, of Washington, D. C., carried over the time limit by his enthusiasm for prohibition, was roughly recalled to schedule. And now in London here is Professor G. McReady Rice, of Nebraska, suggesting that, far from men deriving from monkeys, monkeys may be only "a degenerate form of men," shouted down for his pains. A young woman who pleaded that "she couldn't stand it any longer," was the leader of the hostile element who clamored for a curtailment of the speech.

IT is rather a pity the professor was not given a chance to air a thesis for whose plausibility evidence does not get any weaker as time goes on. It was Josh Billings, or Russet Appel, or some other of our unsmiling humorists who noted, as the fruit of his observation, that, 10,000 years may have been needed to evolve man from monkey, but five minutes was enough to make a monkey out of most men he knew. Perhaps Mr. Mencken was nearer than he guessed to Dr. Rice's theory, when he defined, as the salient characteristic of his "first-caste man" a "sort of restless impatience with things as they are." If anything exists more obviously and restlessly impatient with everything round him than the arboreal ancestor whom London evolutionists will not be cheated of by any Nebraska theorist and lecturer, we cannot think of him at the present moment.

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IT is encouraging to note that the sixty-ninth annual convention of the Central Verein testified to the continued growth and increasing vitality of the organization. Unprejudiced observers must admit that, in so far as the study and practice of social principles are concerned, the Verein has set the pace for other American Catholic societies. Its eminent value lies in the fact that it continues in this country the liberalizing and energizing policy of the German groups upon which it has been modeled. The Verein's leaders are acquainted with the theory which during the last seventy-five years has been developed under the shadow of the Church; but even more they know the needs for social action afforded by this country, and have manfully done all in their power to alleviate those needs. The keynote at this year's convention was struck by Mr. Charles Dolle, who spoke as the representative of Admiral Benson and the National Council of Catholic Men. "In whatever we do to safeguard our position," he said, "we must avoid any feeling or appearance of aggression or challenge. We must remain patient, tolerant and charitable. But we owe it to our country no less than to our church to be conscious of our rights and liberties, and to be resolute in our determination to preserve them." A complete account of the proceedings will soon be ready, and should receive the attention of many outside the organization. Sixty-nine years have proved the usefulness of the Verein. May the next sixty-nine prove it on a larger scale.

LAST week we had occasion to comment editorially upon the meeting of the Klan at Buckeye Lake, Ohio, and their avowed program of putting the "Protestant Bible" into all the public schools of the United States. The last weekly bulletin of the National Catholic Welfare Conference puts its finger with great precision on the real flaw in their argument, when it points out that in the state of Tennessee itself, out of a population of 2,337,885, the total number who wrote themselves down as adherents of any religious body whatsoever in the census of 1916, was no more than 840,133. If conversion of a very wholesale nature has not taken place since, and if these figures are any general index to the dogmatic situation below the Mason-Dixon line, what the states of the South would seem to be offering is not so much a body of Bible Christians, eager to be the leaven of a pagan North and East, as a field for evangelization on the spot of the most speedy and persuasive nature.

WHILE upon the unpleasant subject of the Klan, it might not be amiss to take note of two disquieting incidents notified to the press within the past few weeks, and which seem to prove that the activities and influence of the hooded order are not by any means confined to the West or South. Search for arms after a clash in western Massachusetts has shown that an unduly large number of permits to carry weapons are being freely issued by selectmen to members of the order. At Burlington, Vermont, a chance communication has revealed the fact that William G. Moyers, the Kleagle who broke into the Cathedral of Saint Mary in that city last November, was released from prison a week ago. The mystery is not dispelled by Governor Billings's statement that what has let this dangerous bigot loose upon society after nine months of his three-year sentence had expired, was not a "pardon" as reported, but a "parole." This seems to be a particularly fine instance of a distinction without a difference. Moreover, it has provided the state executive with an opportunity to evade at least the spirit of the law which provides that pardons may not be issued save after notice to the state attorney of the county in which a crime was committed.

TWO things will suggest themselves in considering this abuse of the pardoning power. One is that the crime which it condones was attended by no extenuating circumstances whatsoever, and was one calling for exemplary punishment in the interests of public security and the principle of religious toleration on which the commonwealth is built. Another is that the law which leaves "paroling" at the unassisted discretion of the state executive, is particularly subject to abuse. Theoretically, crime is committed against the "people" of a state, as the very words employed in legal procedure infer, and the people have a right to know that their sentence will be respected. In practice, what seems to be the case is that from the moment an offender enters prison anything at all may happen. It would be interesting to compile a list of delinquents sentenced to long prison terms, say, five years ago, amid a chorus of popular approval and after filling columns in the press with the story of their misdeeds, and to ascertain how many of them are actually working out their sentence today. Occasionally (by pure accident in the present case) the public rubs its eyes and realizes that the sentence was not much more than window dressing and that astute lawyers for the defense have waited for conviction to take place before starting their real work.

EVER since the close of the great war, the plight of the native student in Paris, has been hard indeed. The precipitous rise in the cost of living has rendered the modest stipend hitherto allowed him by thrifty parents, a derisory and inadequate sum. His "saucissons" have soared beyond his reach—the price of bocks and books threatens to overbalance his rickety budget. Keen Greenwich Villagers from the Middle-West, snuffing atmosphere hungrily and with advances from trustful publishers burning holes in their pockets, have shouldered him out of his modest apartments in the rue des Ecoles, and the rue Sommerard. Swarthy South Americans and blond Scandinavians are spend-

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ing the profits of neutrality in his restaurants. It is small wonder that he has revolted at last, and is shaking the dust of his desecrated quarter off his feet and leaving it to the pushing, hustling alien to work his will upon. The schools will still draw him to his old home during daylight hours. When night descends, you may be quite sure the ghosts of Mimi and Schaunard, and Enjolras and Cosette will haunt the Place Maubert and the alleys of the Luxembourg where their lives and loves burned out. For the rest—Ichabod. One more tradition has gone into the limbo of the past.

FOR building a new Latin Quarter, the Paris student has been lucky enough to find a rare opportunity within his reach, and one which it is not easy to imagine occurring in any great American or English city. The demolition of the fortifications, since the war, which were built during the reign of Louis Philippe has left an open zone of some 200 yards width all round the French capital, bordering at many points on parks or fairly open country. One of the most beautiful and unfrequented is the Parc Montsouris in the southern section of the old fortified zone. It is here, within fairly easy reach of the schools, that the "Cité Universitaire" is coming into being. Details of the settlement that have just been released make attractive reading. With the French care for the amenities of life first of all, lawns have been laid out round a number of cottages whose architecture is modeled on that of old French country houses, trees have been planted; there is a large Gothic hall for dancing and theatrical performances, boxing and fencing rooms, and the whole is under the supervision of a young professor chosen from the university. There are only three requisites for citizenship in this new commonwealth of the spirit. One must be poor, one must be French and one must be a "serious student," duly authenticated. It is not surprising that, even before the scheme has been tested out (the Cité does not open till November) foreign students have hastened to follow its example, and that a Canadian, Belgian and Italian city are being laid out in proximity. An American neighbor, modeled on similar lines, would be an interesting experiment.

THE city fathers of Elsinore, Denmark, seem to be afflicted with what used to deserve the name of a New England conscience. Disquieted, after several hundred years, by the vogue that has accrued to their town through the tradition that it contains the grave of Hamlet, they are considering whether they can any longer, with peace of mind, consent to enjoy the commercial profits which pious pilgrims bring them, year by year. A noted native author, Johannes Jensen, has even told them roundly that what is an "admitted hoax" is unworthy of a cultured people. Over the further question as to whether Hamlet himself ever existed, their concern is less personal. It is obvious that, if he never lived, he can never have died and been buried at Elsinore, or elsewhere. It is a case of the minor premise following the major.

IT is to be hoped some means of settling the question will be discovered that will not too roughly unsettle the historic confidence among tourists. Joubert has reminded us that it is an evil practice to dig up traditions in order to examine their roots. A tradition that has been fondly believed in by ten generations has acquired a respectability all its own, regardless of its authenticity, and the best plan would seem to be merely to let it alone. The world is full of what might be called "phony" shrines. "Dante's house" at Florence is none too authentic, and the "portrait" of the divine poet in the Bargello hard by, rests under more than suspicion. Nearer home is there not a local legend that the "House of the Seven Gables" acquired two surreptitious and wholly unwarranted gables in the years that followed the vogue of Hawthorne's deathless romance? Most of the pilgrimages in "historic Boston" are pilgrimages to sites, and an aroma of restoration clings about the home of Paul Revere. Imagination exists in very different proportions in different people and the man whose dry-as-dust erudition would rob the world of any association that sets its pleasant chimes ringing shall not escape reprobation. However conscientious his scruples may claim to be, he belongs in the large category of those who are malignantly busy "taking the joy out of life."

CLOTHING experts are prophesying brighter colors in more daring combinations for the male bird next summer, and signs are not lacking for those who have eyes and leisure to note them, that male love for bright vesture, so long confined to "neckwear," is on the point of invading new fields. In one Fifth Avenue store, combinations of hues, calculated to "make the rash gazer wipe his eye," are being recommended as the "authentic colors of British clubs and regiments." They "come" mostly in yellows, greens and scarlets. In another, feathers of the more southerly of the humming bird family are being sold to be tucked into the hat band as knowing fishermen carry flies. The fun of wearing the "authentic colors" of clubs or regiments with which one is not connected, is not apparent on its face, neither is the point of sporting a blue mackenzie or red heckle during office hours when you could not cast a fly without alarming every hookable fish within a radius of a hundred yards. And how are our heavy social prophets of the Shavian kind, who have been noting a shyer attitude on the part of man, the pursued, in answer to franker tactics on the part of woman, the pursuer, going to say about it all. Perhaps they will see nothing but a hint of camouflage—and protective coloration. Science may always be trusted for a new theory or something that will buttress an old one it is not ready to give up just yet.

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THE SHENANDOAH

THE tragic questions which follow the collapse of the Shenandoah call for answers which, as a matter of course, a layman cannot give. No event in our military history since the war has so deeply aroused the sympathy of the American people, who value the kind of fighting men lost to us when Commander Landsdowne and his companions perished in the wreckage of their craft. But something besides sympathy is involved. We cannot be indifferent to the strength of the defense by which this country is protected from the aggression of possible enemies; and therefore everybody is wondering, first, whether giant ships of the dirigible type are helpful in battle or even in peace; and secondly, whether the American forces have mastered the intricate code which makes air-craft serviceable in war.

Nothing but immediate and thoroughgoing investigation of the problem will fit the case. We all know that the Shenandoah was on trial. Designed as an American version of the Zeppelin, she may not have incorporated everything which now goes into the making of an ultra-modern ship. It may be—and certainly we hope so—that the Los Angeles will successfully weather furious intercoastal storms. But since the whole departure is admittedly an experiment, there ought to be no attempt at blanketing failure with propaganda, or at drifting ahead in a kind of standardized, routine trade wind. If nothing else were at stake than the future of commercial aviation, it would vitally interest us—a great urban nation—to learn all that can be learned about the open roads of the air. Other things are at stake, however—the safety of the country and its forces in time of war; the development of what all soldiers concede is a vital branch of the service; and the relative protection of the men who undertake to conduct our air-fleet.

One officer at least has spoken so peremptorily that mere silence will no longer dispose of him. Colonel Mitchell has broken a strict rule of the army by launching a prohibited attack upon conditions which he believes unintelligent and ominous. Certain items in this attack can be discussed intelligently only by those who, like the Colonel, know air-craft in a practical way. But the general trend of his argument is akin to ordinary civic common sense. It stresses precisely the same things which the French ace, Lieutenant Fonck, outlined in a more or less recent discussion of air-craft. Colonel Mitchell's first demand is that the department of aviation be made independent of the regular army and navy bureaus. He is sustained in this by the practice of other nations and by the psychology which almost unavoidably prevails in military circles.

No other men are so glued to the minutiae of their work as are soldiers of the land or sea forces. Possibly the very rigidity which makes them staunch and successful, hampers their impartial approach to any problem which lies outside their immediate sphere. American experience during the great war proved how hard the earth must rock before military academicians will surrender a foothold. The other armies learned the same thing. It was notorious in the case of Great Britain; and when the peace treaty had been safely signed, French critics openly and wittily declared that the conflict had been won in spite of G. H. Q. It is likely that we shall get a typically American, aggressive, and progressive air-service only when we give the men who are in it a chance to control its destinies.

Other points raised by Colonel Mitchell—the fact that no weather service has been organized for the benefit of airmen; that antiquated planes are in use; and that appropriations are being cut down unreasonably—are all contingent upon the circumstance that no department of aviation is in existence. Politics in any disgraceful sense is not involved. Obviously a group of land generals will always see to it that their arms get most of whatever money is available and of such attention as happens to be abroad. While we hesitate to approve the Colonel's publicity methods and doubt the validity of many of his statements, we believe the American people cannot afford to let the man be curbed. We believe they will give him an opportunity to speak out.

It was a horrible thing, this crumpling up of a carefully built leviathan of the air during a fierce Ohio storm. The human waste is irreparable, though once again it proved that bravery is unforgettable. Yet the horror of this occurrence, the wreckage and suffering involved in it, are as nothing compared to the possible catastrophe that might attend the American arms were they to engage in a desperate struggle for the nation's safety without the help of a competent, well-trained and technically perfect air-force.

THE OUTPOSTS OF CRIME

AS might have been anticipated, the National Crime Commission has furnished the incentive for much interesting conversation. Some of this has even taken on a resemblance to good, old-fashioned sermons of the sort which traced human wickedness to its roots and secret springs. Judge Gary, for instance, has conservatively catalogued such fundamental errors as improper home training, insidious propaganda in the schools and elsewhere, and petty law-breaking. Other citizens have attacked the courts. Most of us are quite ready to nod agreement thus far and wish the commission speedy success in its endeavor to cut down the staggering number of murders and other violent crimes.

But obviously it is most important that the work be undertaken in a way that will really do good. Dean Roscoe Pound, of the Harvard Law School, is absolutely right when he points out the dangers latent in

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tumultuous, unguarded agitation. You can do anything with statistics, especially when they are of a shocking nature.

This ancient truth is borne out once more by a speaker for the Crime Commission, Mr. Mark Prentiss. His first conclusion about the 10,000 murders committed in the United States last year, is that "these figures do not need further analysis;" his second conclusion is that "police records of all our cities will show that more than 60 percent of our crimes of violence were committed by the foreign-born, or the sons of foreign-born."

These blanket statements mean nothing else than that Mr. Prentiss is impatient with the slow processes of inductive reasoning, but in love with generalizations which smack of celebrating the Fourth. The New York Times made the public its debtor once more by observing for Mr. Prentiss's benefit that "further analysis" presents some striking facts about the ratio of crime to the "foreign-born" population. Thus Lowell, Massachusetts, with an alien population constituting 34 percent of its total, has a murder rate of 3 1/5 per 100,000 inhabitants; Memphis, Tennessee, with a foreign element of 3 1/5 percent, has a murder ratio of 65 per 100,000. The Times list could be developed further.

There have been some instances where magistrates of cities predominantly foreign in population have openly declared that the great majority of their criminal cases involve native Americans. We do not wish to imply that immigrants and their children are never guilty of misdemeanors; but it is essential to subject to criticism the hasty utterances of a man who presumably speaks as the mouthpiece of the National Crime Commission. These utterances have a singular after-taste of the Klan and the illiberal standpatter. They make it seem desirable that the commission should annex a few people like Dean Pound, and acquaint its publicity men with the elements of induction. Mr. Prentiss might discover that it is safer to declare off-hand that 60 percent of the men engaged in the prevention of crime—policemen and detectives—are "foreign-born or the sons of foreign-born."

Americans realize how tragically easy it is to arouse popular hysteria on such topics as criminal violence. We have not yet completely broken the lynching habit, and there are scores of citizens who hanker after corporals' chevrons in new Viligante outfits. The National Crime Commission can do a great deal to allay this libertinism of righteousness, even while it undertakes to dry up the sources of violent wrong-doing. It can aim to restore the prestige of the courts by bringing about more rapid and effective conduct of criminal cases; by inducing its members to set the example of intelligent service on juries; and by encouraging the development and application of preventive moral medicine. Thus will it insure comparative safety for citizens in the lawful pursuit of their affairs.

THE RED ROVERS

T. NIMROD McKINNEY, "Grand Chief of the Orient, Grand Chief of the Philippine Islands, President and General Manager of the Philippine-American Company of California, etc.," and titular potentate of the "Red Rovers," is a gentleman of color—and one does not have to be Octavus Roy Cohen to visualize him with considerable accuracy. What would be more interesting and profitable to know would be the exact status, affiliations and plan of the "group of Americans of wealth and culture" who have taken the trouble to incorporate him in "California, etc.," and to launch him and his order upon the Philippine Islands with the light-heartedness of the experimentalist in natural science who once let loose a buck and doe rabbit in good standing upon Australia's shores. One is not surprised to hear that the ranks of his order are "attracting thousands" of the younger native element, and that a point has been reached causing concern to the Catholic clergy.

Such literature as has been issued by the Red Rovers does not, on the face of it, seem to call for alarm. The sentiments it breathes have grown vapid through sheer repetition, the ray of tolerance with which it enlightens the aboriginal darkness of the Philippine mind is "of purest ray serene." "I wish all men to feel that I am their brother, Jew or Mohammedan" . . . "Every religion was founded for the purpose of human uplift and enlightenment." There is not a program that seems to call for a title recalling the buccaneers, or an efficient hierarchy that most American men of culture (to say nothing of wealth) last used when they played Indians on back-lots. While even in benighted Manila there must be students in a position to correct the statement that "every religion was founded for human uplift." Some were founded for human downfall, and did a pretty good job.

Exporting the secret fraternal order to countries still primitive and still used to getting their moral lessons in more definite shape, is a risky experiment. What is a plaything in America might very easily become something else in her dependencies. The machinery of oaths, passwords, regalia, and initiations, does not do much harm in a community where a tradition of law and some saving sense of humor act as public safeguards. Even its latest and most virulent example (founded, by the way, largely to discourage Grand Chief T. Nimrod McKinney's aspirations to be regarded as a man and a brother) has not yet won its battle with public ridicule. But, dropped into the midst of a people neither civilized nor contented, such things are about as much in place as a box of strike-anywhere matches in a T. N. T. factory. It is perhaps too much to ask that the secret fraternal order should be placed where Jules Ferry once placed anti-clericalism—on the prohibited export list. Meantime our own impression is that the Red Rovers of the Philippine Islands will bear careful watching.

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ON CONSTITUTIONS

By HILAIRE BELLOC

ONE of the most arresting of modern contrasts, full of practical effect, and affecting all our international relations, is hardly recognized over here in Europe, nor in America. And yet, until it is appreciated, all discussion upon relations between the old world and the new are bound to go wrong.

It is the contrast between the attitude of European nations today towards their constitutions, and the attitude of the American people towards theirs.

The Constitution of the United States has, for the citizens of the United States, a religious value. It has the value of an unquestioned authority; a moderator. It forms a keel or balance. It supplies the conceptions at once of certitude and permanence in its own particular field, which is that of the temporal government of man.

Now among European nations, as nations, there is nothing of the kind. There was such a thing in all the old monarchies, up to, say, 1700. There was something of the kind in the case of the Russian autocracy, up to the great explosion of eight years ago. There was an institution beginning to be something of the kind, though it had not fully taken root, in the case of the monarchic, military, and yet federal Prussian Reich, as it existed prior to the capitulation of November, 1918. But now, today, there is nothing of the sort politically sustaining any European quapeople. There is, of course, for the great Catholic body dispersed among various nations of Europe, an element of permanence and certitude in their spiritual government and in their grasp of tradition, which is not without its effect upon merely temporal and political things. But to the European nations, as nations, there is now nothing left corresponding to the anchorhold of a revered, unquestioned mode of government.

One must always bear that in mind when one is discussing European affairs in America; and the Europeans should correspondingly bear in mind (if they have heard of it—most Europeans have not) the American feeling with regard to the American Constitution. In the field of political faith, modern Europe has fallen into mere opinion. To put it more strongly, in the field of political ideas Europe has lost its faith and has fallen back upon discussion, fluctuating, unsolidified—not supporting the civic soul.

There are some—the more important of them are hypocrites, and the rest fools—who cite our own English constitution as an example to the contrary. It is nothing of the kind. Our constitution is nothing more than the still surviving relic of an aristocratic society, which is rapidly ceasing to be aristocratic. Nor was it ever, since the execution of Charles I, and the substitution of government by wealthy landlords and merchants for a popular monarchy, other than a changeable thing. It changed slowly, because aristocracies of their nature are tenacious and slow to change; the same was true of Venice, and has been true of every other aristocratic government that ever was. But there was, and is, nothing about the English constitution either sacred or fixed. If tomorrow, as is quite possible, trades-councils become more and more powerful (for Parliament is visibly declining in authority) then the change will be incorporated in our public life naturally and easily. If—which is much to be hoped—the crown recovers some real power as against the usurped power of mere wealth, that change will also be incorporated. There is no one element in the form of our national government here in England which men really regard as sacred. There is nothing which could not be modified. There is nothing which is not being modified, and which has not gone through a process of heavy remodification during the immediate past. We retain words, but we do not retain political ideas, save, indeed, that general idea of aristocratic government which did become native to us as a result of the destruction of the monarchy in the seventeenth century, and which we are only now slowly abandoning—with nothing to take its place.

In France, the existing constitution is despised and disliked, and the only reason it continues to function at all—very roughly and very uncertainly—is that the French, knowing themselves to have a passion for civil war, and having for the century since the great revolution so violently indulged in that pastime, are taking a rest. In the theory of the constitution, a majority in the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate combined, should be all powerful; in practice, it knows itself to be so thoroughly unrepresentative of the nation that it acts either spasmodically and tyrannically (as twenty years ago against religion) or with laughable weakness (as today against religion).

In Italy, the constitution, which had a far better national foundation—for it arose in victory and was connected with a new national freedom—was always felt to be artificial; and when it was found too weak to save the state a couple of years ago, it was thrown out the window and a healthier dictatorship took its place. We have had the same thing in Spain. The Germans of the old Prussian Reich have today a constitution upon which they are not agreed, imposed upon them by defeat, and certainly lacking authority. The new states, from the greatest and most healthy of them, Poland, down to the least and most ramshackle, have simply accepted a new constitution from the hands of the conquerors in the great war, as they might have accepted a label to be tied on to them-

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selves. Their new constitutions correspond in no way to the springs of national action or national thought.

The effects of this state of affairs are very grave. They make the future doubtful in some degree; what is far worse, they deprive immediate official decisions of their full substance. A French prime minister giving a pledge (backed by a Parliamentary majority) to an English prime minister does not really bind the nation. And he knows he does not. The nation is suspicious of all he does, and contemptuous of his theoretic authority. An admission at Berlin of indebtedness, and a promise to repay, is not binding upon the German people. They do not, in the bulk, admit it to be binding for a moment. A Polish minister pretending that Jews are Poles, has as little to do with the national life as would have any unofficial body playing at a similar unreality.

It must not be imagined, on the basis of these certainly sound statements, that conservative political elements are absent from Europe. On the contrary —in an odd paradoxical way, many of them are confirmed by these very refusals of society to accept its nominal government. The great economic and social interests of the peasantry throughout Catholic Europe are strengthened by the moral weakness of the executive and the legislature above them. The religious ties which bind men are also the stronger; not only the ties of the Christian philosophy, but the ties set up by any philosophy—including the Communist.

There is indeed, one exception, and I think only one. It is not an exception with the strength of the American exception. It attaches only to one of the smaller nations; but it is remarkable. It is the exception of the Swiss constitution.

Even there you have nothing of a religion about it, nothing of a faith, and nothing, therefore, of absolute permanence. It is not an iron standard. It changes by vote. It may be profoundly modified tomorrow. But Switzerland has at any rate founded with remarkable success a purely democratic federal working political system—now of such long standing that those subject to it revere it and maintain it. It is no wonder that in the presence of this small, but lucid and strong, example, men groping for a political foundation upon which Europe shall at last repose, have at the back of their minds the Swiss model, and conceive of a European federation, democratic in its units, referable locally to popular votes, and all the rest of it.

Personally, I do not think any such simple solution could be imposed upon our ancient civilization.

My object in this article has only been to point out to American readers the very grave importance of their visualizing an old world, in which not only the disturbances of the war and the mutual hatreds it has raised produced grave moral confusion (that is a commonplace) but in which no foreign negotiator can yet be certain that action official to a nation is accepted by that nation—or will certainly and regularly and consecutively be acted upon by that nation, in its relation with other communities.

MYSTICISM, A QUESTION OF TODAY

By FELIX KLEIN

NEVER before, perhaps, in the course of the world's history, have all questions relating to mysticism been as generally talked of as they are at the present time. It would seem as though the very development of the material side of civilization and of practical discoveries had only succeeded in enlivening our deeper need, and caused the human soul to search with even greater ardor after such spiritual truths as are alone capable of quenching its thirst. According to John the Apostle, a God is greater than our heart; but our heart is itself greater than the world and all that the world contains.

This tendency of our contemporaries, however elevated it may in itself be, is none the less exposed to many illusions and subject to going astray along perilous roads—occultism, spiritualism, theosophy, Christian Science, new (so-called) forms of Buddhism, of Mohammedanism, and endless kinds of orientalisms —American readers will be at no loss to complete the list!

Still these various forms of pseudo-mysticism somewhat resemble the true mysticism in this—that they aim at establishing a correspondence between man and the invisible and higher power—in short, with God. But here again we find that the term mysticism is more abusively applied to a totally different order of things and attributed, in matters of art, literature, psychology and even medicine, to all manifestations of human activity deprived of clearness and of intellectual, moral or physiological equilibrium. In the eyes of crowds of people, mysticism stands for whatever is abnormal, obscure, unconscious, inconceivable, inexplicable—they look upon it as the unexplored region of mystery and of the unknown.

Every man must, of course, be allowed to give a word the meaning he prefers, provided he give the definition thereof. My own opinion is that the only way by which order can be introduced into a domain where now reigns the utmost confusion, is by restoring the term "mysticism" to its traditional meaning, through its application to a purely religious order of things, and more especially to all that concerns the closest intercourse between us and our Maker. Mystic life is the life of the soul in God, and the life of God

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in the soul; it corresponds, in its essence, to what in the Christian language is properly termed the life supernatural (or sanctifying grace). Only after death are we destined to a direct vision of God which will make us absolutely happy—the beatific vision. But even in this world certain souls are enabled by a quite special privilege to feel His sensible presence and contemplate something of His infinite essence and perfection; and these are, properly speaking, the mystics.

The intensity of this supernatural life can become so great as to allow the soul that lives it to bathe almost perpetually and consciously in the light of the Divine presence. The everyday Christian possesses this light in a far lesser degree and indeed becomes conscious of it only during his rare moments of passing fervor; whereas, to the mystics, union with God is such that it absorbs every thought of theirs, and the whole of their hearts. In order to bring themselves down to finding an interest in temporal things, they must needs make an effort as great as the less advanced Christians when striving to forget the outside world in order to think of God.

The Church has always had in its midst a certain number of mystically favored men and women. The names of Saint John, Saint Paul, of Augustine, of Bernard, of Francis of Assisi, of Catherine of Sienna, of John of the Cross, of Teresa of Avila, shine like so many stars in the sky of religious history; and exclusive of these it is well known that whole multitudes of others whose names have never reached us, have lived and carried within themselves a like amount of the same living fire. But it would seem as though our own epoch (in compensation, perhaps, of its profounder misery) had received of God the privilege of taking a greater interest in the mystic souls of yore in relation to the possibility of producing others of the same category, and of earnestly dwelling both on the doctrine and life of the great mystics.

The list of historical and theoretical publications testifying to the magnitude of this movement would be enough to fill a whole volume. It were needless for me to dwell on such of those works as, written in the English tongue, are equally well known in America and in England. They are, for instance, Cardinal Manning's Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost and Eternal Priesthood; Newman's Meditations and Devotions; Faber's All for Jesus, Growth in Holiness, Spiritual Conferences, etc.; W. Ullathorne's Endowments of Man; Cardinal Gibbons's Ambassador of Christ; Cardinal Gasquet's Religio Religiosi; Hecker's Questions of the Soul; Elliott's Spiritual Life; Rev. A. Devine's Manual of Mystical Theology; Father Cuthbert's God and the Supernatural. We can add most of the works of Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., and all the works of Abbot Vonier of Buckfast, O.S.B.; the popularity of the translations of the late Abbot Marmion's works is a good index to the appreciation of such material in England. E. I. Watkin's Philosophy of Mysticism is but little known, and not without flaws—but courageous and deserving of better recognition; and the works of the late Baron F. von Hugel have probably done more than anything else imaginable to restore Catholic mysticism to the esteem of non-Catholics, both in England and Germany. A phenomenon familiar to most who give retreats in and out of religious communities, is the quite startling return to topics like incorporation with Christ, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the supernatural life generally in the strict sense; to the teaching of Saint John and of Saint Paul; and the surprising call for, and approval of, books like Father Martindale's Saint Paul, which puts the Apostle's highest doctrines before average readers without technicalities. This list of modern works should be followed by a list of such ancient ones as have fortunately been lately reprinted. Among them are Revelations of Love Divine, by Julienne de Norwich (1448); The Scale of Perfection, by W. Hilton (1396); the Hermits and Anchorites of England, by Miss Rotha Mary; and all the series published by the Benedictine or Jesuit Fathers.

With regard to French books written on these weighty matters, be it sufficient to recall, as concerns the last three centuries, the well known name of Saint François de Sales (Introduction à la Vie Dévote et Traité de l'Amour de Dieu) of Cardinal de Bérulle (Discours de l'Etat et des Grandeurs de Jésus) of Condren (L'idée du Sacerdoce et du Sacrifice) of Olier (Catéchisme Chrétien pour la Vie Intérieure) of Eudes (La Vie et le Royaume de Jésus dans les Ames Chrétiennes) of Bossuet (Instruction sur les Etats d'Oraison, Elévations sur les Mystères, Méditations sur l'Evangile) of Fénelon (Lettres de Direction) and to quote, as belonging to a very slightly inferior order, the principal works of Lombez, Traité de la Paix Intérieure; of Saint-Jure, La Connaissance et l'Amour de Jésus-Christ; of Nouet, Conduite de l'Homme d'Oraison dans les Voies de Dieu; of Lallemant, la Doctrine Spirituelle; of de Caussade, L'Abandon à la Divine Providence; of Monsignor Gay, Vie et Vertus Chrétiennes, Elevations sur la Vie et la Doctrine de Jésus-Christ.

A sure proof of the interest that all these mystic authors continue to inspire is in the success obtained by an important study called Histoire Littéraire du Sentiment Religieux en France, from the able pen of the Abbé Bremont, a member of the French Academy. Another and more striking evidence of the same fact is that the above works are always being reprinted, and that the number of the readers thereof continues to be legion.

This permanent vogue of ancient writ on mystical subjects in no way prevents the appearance of new ones, and there is no exaggeration in saying that each fervent Christian's bookshelves keep on growing richer with every passing year. The modern works are not all of equal value, but many among them are truly remark-

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able, as, for instance, de Maumigny's Pratique de l'Oraison Mentale, Henri de Tourville's Piété Confiante and Lumière et Vie, A. Poulain's Des Graces d'Oraison, R. Plus's Dieu en Nous, Charles Sauve's Dieu Intime, A. Saudreau's Les Degrés de la Vie Spirituelle and l'Etat Mystique, and, finally, Cardinal Mercier's La Vie Intérieure.

By the side of these doctrinal works are issued, with greater success, vast quantities of histories of saints of all times, some of which point to mystic life in action, while others treat both of its theory and practice. Well worthy of attention are also some of the biographies of our own contemporaries—biographies enriched with quotations from their personal notes, letters and diaries, all of which contribute to set forth openly and boldly the high example of their noble lives. High above them smile the gentle features of the sort-lived Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus, who, born in 1875, was canonized in the month of May of the present year. Next, we would place Charles de Foucauld (1858-1916); two nuns who died, one at the age of twenty-eight, the other at the age of twenty-one—Sister Marie Saint Anselm (1889-1918) and Sister Elizabeth of the Holy Trinity (1880-1906); and two women of the world, the first of whom, Elizabeth Leseur, has left an admirable journal, while the second, Madeleine Sémer, moves us deeply through the rapidity of her mystical development, following on more than half a lifetime of estrangement from God.

The attraction exercised on us by these wondrous souls should not be solely attributed to the fact of their being our contemporaries (indeed many of their present readers were born long before them) for their biographies are neither more nor less appreciated than are those of other mystics belonging to past ages. Never has there appeared anything like the number of present translations into French of Saint Augustine, Saint Bernard, Saint Thomas Aquinas, of Saint Bonaventure, of Tauler, of Rusbroeck, of Suso, of Saint Angela de Foligno, of Thomas à Kempis, of Gerson, of Saint Catherine of Genoa, of Lessius, and of those two incomparable masters, Saint Teresa of Avila and Saint John of the Cross. With regard to the latter, a doctor's thesis, called Saint John of the Cross and the Problem of Mystic Experience, was held up at the University of Paris November 21, 1924. For five hours, between the candidate and the best masters of the faculty and in the presence of a picked audience, there was a discussion of a nature to carry one back to the Sorbonne of the time of Bossuet or Saint Thomas Aquinas.

In addition to the detached and individual publications that are springing up on all sides are found periodical reviews, whose contents place within our reach, in ever-renewed forms, the rich treasures of Christian mysticism with the many secrets it holds concerning God's love for man, and man's love for God. The best known among these reviews are La Vie Spirituelle, founded in 1919 by the Dominican Fathers and La Révue d'Ascetique et de Mystique, directed for the last five years by the Jesuit Fathers. Other periodicals, though not making these questions their sole object, treat them frequently (among these are Les Etudes Franciscaines of the Capuchin Fathers) while non-religious ones are given to devoting whole issues to the same. This year one of them, called Philosophies, has dealt with the subject throughout nearly all the pages of two recent numbers. The whole of a late issue of one of the most enlightened Catholic organs, Le Cahier de la Nouvelle Journée, was also devoted to it. Under the comprehensive title, What Is Mysticism? it spread philosophical and historical considerations of the greatest importance over 200 pages; le Problème de la Mystique, by Maurice Blondel, the author of l'Action; Mysticisme Chrétien et Mysticisme Paien, by an anonymous writer; le Mysticisme Allemand, a posthumous article by Victor Delbos, the late professor of philosophy in the Sorbonne; la Vie et la Doctrine de Saint Jean de la Croix, by l'Abbé J. Wehrle; l'Orientation Réligieuse de Maine de Biran et le Problème de la Passivité Mystique, by J. Paliard—which work one can see in the hands of all earnest seekers after religious truth.

The ever increasing number of souls inclining towards mysticism (or showing a wish to understand its nature) made it desirable that an equal number of masters should be found capable of giving these souls the needed instruction touching a science of such profound nature and—more important yet—a guide to direct them and to facilitate their advancement, or at least preserve them from stumbling in these arduous ways. It seemed fitting that every priest should be able to understand and help such souls as felt called upon to follow Christ and, hearing the voice of God, to rise to whatever heights He might choose to call them.

We do not mean to imply that the teaching of mystical theology has so far been null. It was implicitly given through spiritual conferences and personal direction to young candidates preparing themselves for priesthood or religious life. But it did not form part of ordinary classroom studies, and there was no special and complete treatise of mystical theology equivalent to the Treatise of Morals and Dogma. The long standing demand has now been answered. An accredited master of divine science, Father Tanquerey, who formerly held a post of professorship at the seminary of Saint Mary in Baltimore, and is now Superior of the novitiate of the French Sulpiciary near Paris, has issued a much-needed book under the title, Précis de Théologie Ascetique et Mystique—a work as clear as it is complete, and which can be used as a manual by students in theology.

This work is about to be published in other languages (a translation into English is already com-

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menced under the direction of Father Vieban, professor at the Sulpician seminary of the Catholic University of America) and will, beyond doubt, contribute to the progress of pious souls. Christian mysticism has nothing in common with esoteric doctrines. It consists chiefly in self renunciation in order to follow Jesus Christ; in loving God above everything, and our fellow creatures because of Him; in answering fully and unreservedly every call of grace; in always acting in conformity with our faith, and in becoming more and more conscious of the divine life already lying latent within us, which, at the time of our death, will open into full splendor. To live mystically is to live the life of heaven on earth.

VELASQUEZ, THE PAINTER OF KINGS

By WALDO FRANK

ANTITHESIS even within the personal will of the Catholic kings. Isabel looks to Africa and the west. Mysterious horizons claim her. Africa is the home of Origen and Augustine—Berber Christians and true Spanish minds. America casts a parabola of search and service alluring to her mystic appetite. But Isabel is wedded to a man who looks toward Europe. The Aragonese king comes from the most assimilated part of Spain. In him, as in his realm, lives the spirit of Catalan, of Navarran and of commercial Jew. His activities tend toward Italy and France. And this dichotomy within the will of the monarchs—Europe and the East, conventional politics in Europe and vague adventures across the western sea—merges into the classic will of Spain. The concept of the state which Isabel and Ferdinand adapt is modern Europe. Louis XI and Machiavelli would have hailed it. The purpose of that state would have been better pleasing to Mohammed or to Saint Paul. The purpose is Isabel's and is accepted by her husband. But the form is Ferdinand's—and here his wife is the disciple.

Now, in this division of the will of Spain, that term of it which is European finds its canon. Velasquez, better than the policy of the kings, better than the victories of their captains in Sicily and France, incarnates Spain's desire to be Europe. But here too, irony is at work. Velasquez is the favorite painter at the court of Philip IV. He lives at the palace; he goes on a diplomatic mission to Italy. His artistic career corresponds almost literally with the reign of his king. And this reign marks the rapid ebb of Spain's affairs in Europe. Her will toward Europe has flung her power high into the north and clear across the Latin sea. Now, while Velasquez molds that will into organic and immortal form, his king loses Portugal, loses the Netherlands, loses the Roussillon and half of the Pyrenees to France, and faces insurrection in Barcelona, Spain's European port.

The will of Velasquez's art is objective form. Bodily substance is real, here, and absolute. The moods and passions of the human mind suffice in themselves; they have their value not in some rapt design beyond man's body or employing it to mystic ends. The world of appearance is the world—and the means for the aesthetic triumph are such immediate means as impeccable modeling, bright pigment, gracious lines. Velasquez's traits are traits of modern Europe. Mysticism disappears, both in its imminent and its transcendental forms. The beauty of spiritual effort and of strain, so creative in Ribera, is replaced by the beauty of physical poise. The hot fluidity of El Greco which recalls the line of the Prophets, the creative incompleteness of the Byzantines, becomes a static peace. In El Greco, as in all mystic art, the moving materials reach the immobility of form only through the focus of a world beyond them. But in Velasquez, there are no colors save those of face and fabric; there are no forms save those of the body. Velasquez is a realist in the restricted modern European sense. He is impressionistic. The vast autonomy of the subjective vision is renounced in him. He makes his eye a literal receiver of impressions: whereas the mystic eye (and the Spanish eye) has ever been a creator of expression.

This type of aesthetic will which, from the renaissance to Courbet is to reign in Europe wins perhaps its highest trimph in the alien Velasquez. What a tribute to the energy of Spain! For this is not Spain, this is but a fragment. The vision yearning to become complete, the mystic marriage, the parabolic search, the lyric plaint, the ceaseless canto hondo, the shrewd arabesque which transforms words into body —these too are of Spain—these are the virtues which create El Greco, Calderón, Lope, Ribera and Cervantes. Velasquez will have none of them. Velasquez will be wholly European. Europe, accepting the material world as the entire world, pours all its energy to the creating of the immense material universe which is our universe of the machine and science. Spain does not follow. But Velasquez leads! A Spaniard fathers the school of "realistic" art which is expressive of the Europe that left Spain doomed. It must be added that this realistic art, and this realistic Europe, are doomed today. Cézanne, a disciple of El Greco, marks the turn of the tide, in the domain of painting.

Velasquez was a great lover of El Greco. Manuel Cossío tells us that in his private chambers at the palace, the court painter hung several works of the

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great mystic. His love and study of his antithesis helped to confine him within his own domain. In his religious subjects, Velasquez shows a direct influence —chiefly of composition—of El Greco. In these works, the graphic might of Velasquez fades—they are the least of his pictures. Where Velasquez is great, El Greco is rigorously excluded: the younger man seems wilfully to avoid what he must have felt would diffuse and denature his aesthetic. And in this response, Velasquez achieves once more the miracle of Spain—the infusing of a part with an intensity and an awareness of the whole. El Greco is Spain of Africa and of the Semites, Spain the high priest of Rome, the mystic Spain. And Velasquez is Europe—scientific, deductive, materialistic—the land of grace, of luxuriant elaborations, and of immense exclusions.

Spain's craft goes far, when Spain resolves to be "efficient." Study Las Hilanderas, Mercurio y Argos, the portrait of Margarita de Austria. This grace is the marriage of cool and obvious metals. It suggests the modern aesthetic of the machine. Modeling and texture are composed of immediate masses which are self-sufficient. Neither in part nor in whole are they transmuted into the subjective. Or take the portrait of Mariana de Austria, Philip's second wife. Of the woman there is nothing save the weak face and the retreating hands. But the black and silver gown is volumnear. Its fringes and its lace hold an immensity of power that appears almost to be a symbol of this court—this court of Spain striving to hold a world that starves its spirit.

The will of Velasquez does not falter. Las Meninas, however long one gazes at it, remains the picture of a shut and earthly room. No glimpse here of the arcana of the soul, of the soul's subtle modeling of arm and face. Think what El Greco would have done with that group—the royal family, the painter, the dwarf, the dog! How they would have exploded; how heaven and hell would have come in and metabolized these bodies!

In the palace of the king of Spain, there were simpletons and dwarfs. Since they formed part of the court, Velasquez painted them. But he painted them so well because they were part of himself. The forces which aspire beyond the body, beyond the domain of the senses lived on in Velasquez. His aesthetic will allowed them no immediate expression. This explains the cramped discomfort or the lifelessness of his religious pictures. But here were these instincts and intuitions, stifled in the master's soul, unable to speak, unable to die. And here were the twisted courtiers of the king. A good court painter could portray them; since they were of the palace. And since they were pitiful victims of nature's law—the despised and dispossessed—an artist's soul could use them as a symbol.

In the world there lives a spirit whose name is Christ. When the world denies, that spirit ceases to be Christ—it becomes a dwarf and a madman. Velasquez has discovered this: he sets down his dark confession after all. Here is a literal record of all the grotesque and pitiful world which his devotion to the literal has formed in his own spirit.

What a page it is! El Bobo de Coria—the simplicity of the inane issuing from the breakdown of complex power: sweetness, candor, poetry and grace surviving in the death of idiocy. El Primo—a little man beside a gigantic book; pathos, tenderness, pride—the song of frustration. Don Sebastián de Morra: a huge body squats, the head empty, the outstretched legs short as a child's—so eloquent, so helpless.

This is the confession of Velasquez, enacting Spain's will to be Europe. This is a prophecy of Europe, whose life of mechanical perfection has turned the Christ and saints of its soul into just such twisted dwarfs. But this is not the final word. With the flesh of a harlot, with the crushing of sentiment and love, Rojas made the word of God. Velasquez, employing the climax of his power to bespeak the idiot and dwarf, meets Cervantes—Velasquez the courtier and Cervantes the outcast, set down the tragedy of aspiration —the doom of man, whether he strives or whether he denies, whether he follows Anti-christ or Christ—his equal doom to fail, and to beget unconquerable beauty.

Carcassonne

Oh, we are young and it is spring.
The road before our feet is plain.
Our eyes are glowing and we sing.
Our armor has nor dent nor stain.
Of high adventure we are fain
And hope is bright with every dawn.
Through Arcady and through Cockaigne
We're on our way to Carcassonne!

Now we are bearded men who swing
Tried swords. We know the battle-strain.
Our challenge to the world we fling,
"Whoso oppose us shall be slain!"
Giants and dragons all in vain
Shall bar the roads we're marching on.
Seasoned in body, soul and brain,
We're on our way to Carcassonne!

Now we are old. Our voices ring
A little cracked. Our spirits wane.
Our ranks are thinned. The seasons bring
Little but weariness and pain.
Yet our proud purpose we maintain
Although our strength is almost gone;
Perhaps the goal we still shall gain—
We're on our way to Carcassonne!

Envoy

Those towers gold as ripened grain
Perchance we shall not gaze upon,
But still through sun, wind, snow and rain,
We're on our way to Carcassonne!

BERTON BRALEY.

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PIONEERS OF LIBERTY

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY

ON THAT bright millennial day, when the inhabitants of Utopia gather to celebrate the final abolition of religious intolerance, there will be none to gainsay the recognition that will be accorded the Calverts for the moderation and wisdom displayed in the government of their province of Maryland. If any American Catholics attend this notable celebration they will, undoubtedly, be enthusiastic in their praise of the Lords of Baltimore for the example which had a great deal to do with making religious toleration one of the fundamental tenets of the American theory of government. Maryland tried toleration and proved that toleration is feasible. To her all credit! Her example transferred this benign principle from the field of academic civics to that of practical politics. And out of the abundance of just praise accorded her, Maryland will not begrudge some recognition for others who tried and failed where she succeeded.

One of these abortive attempts was the motivating impulse behind a most fascinating and romantic episode in American history—the effort to establish the Palatinate of New Albion in the territory comprised in Long Island and what is approximately the modern state of New Jersey. Historians customarily make only passing mention of this attempted colonization. Many writers, indeed, ignore it altogether. Because it had no tangible results of a permanent nature, our modern materialists deem it unworthy of notice. But a great idea is never unworthy of notice and, whatever its faults of realization may have been, New Albion was a glorious concept and deserves to be remembered.

An important feature of it which should be remembered is that, for all practical purposes, it offered complete religious toleration. It is true that this toleration was technically limited to adherents of one of the three Christian Creeds—the Apostolic, the Athanasian, and the Nicene. But in the early seventeenth century, it must be recalled, non-Christian immigration to America was unheard of, and the number of professed infidels was negligible. Hence it is entirely justifiable to say that New Albion offered religious toleration for all who might have been expected to come there.

The tolerant founders of Catholic Maryland must have drawn encouragement in those early days from the knowledge that Sir Edmund Plowden, Lord Palatine of New Albion, was an adherent of the Catholic Church. He came from a long line of Catholic ancestors, many of whom had suffered persecution for refusal to abandon their faith. The founder of the family, so far as genealogical records run, was Roger de Plowden, who followed Richard Coeur de Lion to the Crusades. Roger was present at the siege of Acre in 1191, and his service there won for him the right to commemorate that event by an addition to the family coat of arms. A most distinguished member of the Plowden family was the grandfather of the Earl of New Albion, also Edmund by name, who was conceded to be one of the foremost lawyers in England during the reign of Elizabeth. The story runs that he was offered the Lord Chancellorship of England and a peerage, on condition that he embrace the Anglican religion. His reply to the Queen on this occasion, as preserved in the Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus was—

> Hold me dread Sovereign excused. Your Majesty well knows I find no reason to swerve from the Catholic faith, in which you and I were brought up. I can never, therefore, countenance the persecution of its professors. I should not have in charge Your Majesty's conscience one week before I should incur your displeasure, if it be Your Majesty's royal intent to continue the system of persecuting the retainers of the Catholic faith.

Francis, a brother of the Earl of New Albion, suffered severe persecutions for his religion, accounts of which are preserved in the records of the convent of the English Augustinianesses, at Louvain. Margaret Plowden, a sister of the Earl, was procuratrix of this convent, and one of his nieces later became a nun there. Thomas, the eldest brother of the Earl, entered the Society of Jesus in 1623, and was known in later years as Father Salisbury. He suffered many annoyances and penalties because of his faith and religious profession. In the family history of the Plowdens, it is recorded that eleven of its members were priests and thirteen were nuns, up to the period of the American Revolution. Ten of the eleven priests were Jesuits.

Some historians have been inclined to treat the whole matter of the projected settlement of New Albion as more or less of a myth. The very existence of the charter from King Charles I, upon which Sir Edmund's right rested, has been called into question. These doubts probably arose because the King granted the charter as King of Ireland and, in consequence, it was enrolled in the Chancery Office in Dublin. Later searchers for the document looked for it in London, and when they failed to find it there, erroneously concluded that it did not exist. A certified copy of the original Latin charter was obtained from the Public Records Office in Dublin by Brinton Coxe, of Philadelphia, some time prior to 1881, and has been published in several historical works.

Why the King chose to act as King of Ireland, rather than of England, in dealing with a native of the latter

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country, is a matter for conjecture. In his will, Sir Edmund says he held an Irish peerage and that may explain why his charter would issue from the crown of that country. Then, too, Charles was constantly embroiled with the British Parliament, and it is possible that he may have been more free from parliamentary interference in his capacity as King of Ireland. Another explanation that has an element of plausibility, is that the British Parliament might have opposed the grant of such a charter to Plowden, because of his Catholic faith.

A perusal of the charter strengthens this latter theory. Among other things, the document conferred upon Sir Edmund "all ample rights, jurisdictions, privileges, prerogatives, royalties, liberties, immunities, and royal rights and franchises whatsoever, as well by sea as by land, within the limits of the island, as by any Bishop of Durham, within the bishopric or County Palatine of Durham, within our Kingdom of England, at any time heretofore have been held, used or enjoyed, or of right ought to or can be able to have, hold or enjoy."

It requires little imagination to visualize the uproar that would have been precipitated in the Roundhead-dominated Parliament by a proposal to confer upon a Catholic layman the powers of an Anglican bishop. In any event, the King's action in his capacity as sovereign of Ireland was not unusual. The British monarchs of those days styled themselves "Kings of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland"—the claim to the French throne dating back to the Norman conquest. The Stuarts frequently exercised royal prerogatives as kings of Scotland—James I, for instance, granted Nova Scotia to John Alexander to be held as a fief of the Scottish crown.

Whatever the circumstances may have been, the charter was granted, and we know that some attempts at colonization were made. The extent of these attempts is a subject of controversy too complicated for discussion within present space limitations. One thing is certain, whatever attempts at colonization may have been made, they came to naught. The disturbances of the commonwealth in England were reflected in America, and the heirs of the Earl of Albion fell into disfavor both in the mother country and in the colony. Nor were they able to reassert their claims after the Stuart restoration. Profiting by England's domestic troubles, the Dutch and the Swedes planted settlements within the borders of New Albion, and finally Charles II summarily disposed of the matter by specifically outlawing all prior grants and bestowing the territory upon his brother, the Duke of York.

At the close of the American Revolution, the inhabitants of the territory comprised in New Albion were startled by the appearance of Mr. Charles Varlo, an Englishman who had purchased one-third of the charter rights of the Plowdens, and who came to America to govern the "Palatinate" for the heirs of Sir Edmund. Needless to say, Mr. Varlo had little success in convincing the people of New Jersey that they should abandon their newly-won independence and return to the rule of an Earl Palatine, who held title from the sovereign whose armies they had just expelled. Varlo returned to England bitterly disillusioned, and from that time on the Plowden grant has been a subject for academic history.

A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

By ELLA M. E. FLICK

IT is a striking anomaly, in a world that is pleasure-mad, to find those who will not only endure, patiently and joyfully, God-sent suffering, but will even anticipate its coming by voluntarily bringing it on themselves. Judging by the standards of living so prevalent today, it is clear that many know very little about penance and care even less—that they love not suffering and understand it not at all. No doubt we have our retreats. But do they not easily degenerate into a pleasant relaxation—a happy occasion for meeting old friends at least once a year? We have our seasons of prayer and penance; but can we not conveniently find some justifying reasons for relaxing the rigor of the law in our regard? We have our pilgrimages also, advertised extensively. For many they have an appeal as interesting pleasure trips.

An ancient-day place of pilgrimage, little advertised and hardly known, still exists in Donegal, northern Ireland. This is Saint Patrick's Purgatory, or as it is commonly called, Lough Derg. It is about four or five miles from a small town called Pettigo. Lough Derg, as its name implies, is a little lake of water covering some 2,250 acres, about thirteen miles in circumference, and 450 feet above sea-level. There are, in all, eleven islands on this lake—the principal of which are Saints Island and Station Island.

Saint Patrick's connection with the shrine which bears his name is not only a pious legend but a historical fact. Lough Derg is known to have been one of his favorite places of retreat, whither he would retire on occasions for two or three days together and spend his time in most rigorous penance. The legends and fables woven around its foundation are many and venerable. It has been mentioned by mediæval chroniclers. Calderon wrote a drama about it. Erasmus refers to it in his works.

The sanctuary lands at Lough Derg were known in the middle-ages as Terman Dabheoe—from Saint

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Dabheoe, who, in the sixth century, presided over the retreat. Subsequently they were called Terman Magrath, from the family of Magrath, who were "coarbs," or stewards of the district about 1290. In the eleventh century the canons-regular of Saint Augustine were given charge of the holy place. It was then constituted a priory, dependent, however, on the Abbey of Saints Peter and Paul, in Armagh. Numerous accounts of foreign pilgrimages to Saint Patrick's Purgatory are chronicled during the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Franciscan friars were appointed to look after the spiritual needs of the many pilgrims to the island. They did not take up their residence there until 1763, when they built a priory and an oratory dedicated to Saint Mary of the Angels. In 1780, Saint Patrick's church was built. In 1785, the priory was transferred to the secular clergy, appointed by the Bishop of Clogher. In 1813, Saint Mary's was rebuilt, and in 1870, was replaced by the present Gothic edifice. A substantial hospice was opened in 1882, and since then many thousands of pilgrims have visited Lough Derg annually, the season lasting from June 1 to August 15.

To get to Saint Patrick's Purgatory it is necessary to cross the lake in a rowboat. It takes from ten to fifteen minutes, according to the day and the currents and the winds. Although there is not much beauty in the islands themselves, the surroundings are extremely beautiful. The dignity and grandeur of the encompassing hills, the unearthly quietness of Lough Derg, the lapping of the water, the dip of the oars, a whispered word from a fellow-passenger—all help to prepare the spirit of the pilgrim for a visit to an island associated with prayer and penance.

Approaching the landing stage, one sees a rather barren island with a church at the water's edge and two very plain stone hospices—one for men, and one for women. The island itself has never been beautified in any way. There are neither shaded walks, nor groves, nor trees. A path close to the water winds back of the little church down past the hospices and completely around the island. There are rugged stones, water on every side, rocks on which to sit and rest—the sky above, water all around, land beyond, and mountains in the distance to charm the eye, and rest the mind.

At Lough Derg, life is primitive at best. There is no shelter from the rain or the sun, save in the chapels or the hospices. There is little privacy or seclusion. It is a community life. Rich and poor, for the time being, are possessors each of one small cot in one small cell. After obtaining the appointed sleeping cot in the hospice, shoes are discarded as a first act of penance. The rounds of the Stations of the Cross are made in bare feet. Strict silence is not observed, nor insisted upon. Once installed on the island, and given a place to sleep, the pilgrim applies himself to exercises of prayer and penance. No one invited him to come. Nor will anyone bid him stay. The rowboats at the waterfront cross every half hour, taking away those who have done their penance, bringing back new pilgrims. The entire day is spent out of doors, or in the church. If the pilgrim arrives in the early morning, fasting and in time for Mass, he may go to Holy Communion. For three consecutive days he must observe a rigorous fast, breaking it only in the afternoon by taking bread with black tea, or coffee, or water. No shoes are worn at any time, even into the church. The exercises of the day consist of Mass and three rounds of out-door Stations. At each of these stopping places certain prescribed prayers are recited. One kneels upon jagged rocks—or, rather, upon rocks that were once jagged but are now more or less rounded out through the constant rubbing of hands and feet and knees. The Stations are trying and wearying, and the round itself is difficult. In the church, confessions are heard at all hours of the day. There are three priests in attendance on the island. In the evening there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Night prayer is said in common. At nine o'clock the pilgrims, whose turn it is to remain on vigil, take their places in the little chapel—the others go to their cots in the hospices.

The first night at Lough Derg is spent by the pilgrim at vigil in the church. This night watch, made after the tedious trip out to the island, often after one full day of travel, is perhaps the most trying part of the whole stay. The church stands in an open space. The winds that blow across the island are sometimes cold, even in summer. The day following the vigil is a day of weariness, and positive suffering from want of sleep and want of food. The second night the pilgrim sleeps in a cot in the hospice. The third morning, after Holy Communion and the completion of three rounds of the Stations, the retreat is over. The penitent is free to go back to the world, yet is obliged to observe his third day of fast, just as though he had remained on the island.

Who comes to Lough Derg? Young men and women, priests, middle-aged mothers and fathers, frail old people who have been coming summer after summer for years. A girl comes, in thanksgiving for some great favor. A boy comes, perhaps to determine his vocation. The Irish, strong in faith, come to Lough Derg in great numbers. But among the pilgrims are men and women from New Zealand and Australia—from Canada and the United States.

Lough Derg presents an interesting study in this day of luxury and pleasure. This holy little island with its strange mode of life is in such striking contrast to the spirit of the times that one marvels at finding such a place in the twentieth century. Perhaps it requires a nation like Ireland, with centuries of suffering and hardship and pain behind her, really to appreciate it at its true value and worth.

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EX ORE INFANTIUM

By JUSTINE B. WARD

HALF a million Catholic school children of the United States and Canada are already well launched in a movement which is destined to bring about the ultimate reform of sacred music in the parish churches of this continent. As a sign of their devotion to the Holy See, these young singers are making a joint gift to the Holy Father in honor of the jubilee year. This gift is to be devoted to strengthening the centre of musical reform in Rome, by providing an endowment fund for the Pontifical College of Sacred Music, a work which is dear to the heart of the Pope who carries personally the financial burden.

The reform in sacred music, launched by Pope Pius X, may have seemed slow in bearing fruit. Twenty years have passed with little apparent difference in the parishes about us; but it is encouraging to know that if the reform has been slow, it has been sure. The Popes who succeeded Pius X have not only enforced his decrees in regard to sacred music, but have assured their ultimate success by developing an important international centre at Rome for teachers.

Long before the publication of the Motu Proprio of Pius X, the movement for the reform of sacred music had become strong throughout Europe. The leaders realized clearly that if the reform were to be solid and permanent, the first requisite was the formation of teachers who would be masters in Gregorian chant, in figured music, and in organ. Schools were required, the express purpose of which would be the teaching of liturgical music, as distinct from secular. The existing conservatories either ignored the subject of liturgical music completely, or, if they dealt with it at all, their teaching was incorrect, or insufficient for the needs of musicians who were to specialize in the music of the Church. Thus, before the reform of sacred music could even be launched, provision had to be made for an adequate training school for Church musicians and teachers. In his Motu Proprio, Pope Pius X recognized this need and urged the bishops to form diocesan or inter-diocesan schools of sacred music.

After the promulgation of the Motu Proprio, the reform movement took on fresh vitality; in Italy, the Cecilian Society elected as its president, Father Angelo di Santi, S. J., veteran in the field of Church music reform. Father di Santi, as president, did not confine his efforts to the reorganization of the Cecilian Society of Italy, but at once went to the heart of the situation. Realizing the need of a serious college of sacred music for the training of teachers, he submitted a plan to Pope Pius X for the foundation of such a college in Rome, itself to be under the protection of the Holy See. This college was to be, not merely Roman and diocesan, nor merely Italian, but catholic (that is, universal) and international. Pius X accepted the proposition, and even aided the undertaking from a financial standpoint. The results of the experiment were so satisfactory that Pius X gave the college the title of Pontifical, and accorded its faculty the right to confer academic degrees.

The war followed and the new institute faced its most critical period, but continued to function in spite of all difficulties because of the protection of the Pope. Benedict XV had planned to confer upon the college a solemn official constitution, but he died before the plan could be carried out. A week later Father di Santi, founder and first president of the college, died.

Cardinal Ratti, the new Pope, had been a dear friend of Father di Santi and a strong supporter of the movement for the reform of sacred music. Under the name of Pius XI, he not only took the college under his special protection but, during the first year of his Pontificate, he published, on the feast of Saint Cecilia, November 22, a solemn Motu Proprio in its favor. This Motu Proprio became, as it were, the Magna Charta of the college, conferring and defining its pontifical status and constitution. In this document, Pope Pius XI confirms all that had been done in favor of the college by Pius X and Benedict XV. Moreover, this Motu Proprio declares that the term "pontifical" is not to be interpreted as a mere title of honor, but as meaning that the college is under the direct jurisdiction and control of the Pope. It places the college under a Cardinal protector as its superior and as direct representative of the Pope; it decrees that the active director or president shall be named by the Pope himself; it fixes the program of studies which lead up to the academic degrees of doctor in Gregorian chant, in organ, and in sacred composition, with the conditions required; and finally declares the college to be international.

The promulgation of this Motu Proprio fixes the permanent status and official character of the Pontifical College of Sacred Music, which thus becomes the logical successor of the ancient Roman school founded by Saint Gregory the Great. Its utility to the world at large as the authoritative training school for Catholic Church musicians entitles it to international support. As the students are drawn largely from the clergy, the tuition fees can never be expected to cover the current expenses. An endowment fund thus becomes essential if the Holy Father is to be relieved of the present drain upon his resources. That the children of America should be the ones to offer the Holy Father this relief, is symbolic of the whole character of the movement in America for the reform of sacred music—a movement organized for the benefit of the individual parishes, yet transcending the limits of parish, and even of nation. And this filial act of devotion to the Holy See by half a million little children will demonstrate the unifying power of a great cause, and will link them closely to the centre of Christianity—the source of true liturgical reform.

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THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By PADRAIC COLUM

THERE was a land that was 300 miles away from Hispaniola . . . Bimini was the name of that land. Men came to Ponce de Leon, governor of Porto Rico, and told him of other lands—lands to the north and to the west—but they could not make him think of another land than Bimini.

He built roads and he commanded armies; he raised cities and he meted out justice—Ponce de Leon, governor of Porto Rico. But his thought was upon the land that was 300 miles away from Hispaniola more than upon the land that he governed. Men came to him and told him of Quivera, that city that fronted a river on which floated canoes with prows of gold—great canoes that held as many as forty Indians, each with a crown of gold upon his head. And other men came and talked to him about the lake Guatavita, in which bathed El Dorado, the gilded man. He was the King of the Indians there. Every morning at sunrise the priests of his god rubbed him all over with fragrant gums. Then they blew upon his body, through copper tubes, powder of gold. The powder stayed upon the fragrant gums. All golden that king seemed as he stood upon the raft that in the sunset, went across the lake Guatavita. Having come to the middle of the lake, the gilded man would plunge into it, and the golden powder that was upon his body would become a gleam in the water. And those who came there with their king would throw into the lake their golden bracelets. The bottom of the lake was laid over with golden dust, and golden ornaments lay strewn upon it.

Men came to Ponce de Leon, governor of Porto Rico, and asked help of him to win to Quivera, and to the lake Guatavita—and to gather the gold that was in these places. But Ponce de Leon thought little upon what they told him, for his thoughts were upon Bimini, the land that is 300 miles from Hispaniola.

There was no gold nor silver there; there were no spices and no pearls. There was a fountain there, and whoever bathed in that fountain or drank of its waters, would have again his or her youth—and be as vigorous and as fair to look upon as they had been in the years before they were thirty.

Men had been in Bimini, and they had seen there men and women whom they had known before and in other places. These men and women would not come back to the places that had known them. For they knew that they would be blamed for not living according to the years that they had in the world, instead of feasting and making love and dancing under the trees in Bimini. Men had been in Bimini and had seen there those whom they had known as old leaders of armies, old exploring men, old sacristans and old beggars—old maids and old mistresses—and they had come away, scandalized at what they had seen.

A time came when Ponce de Leon gave up his governorship of Porto Rico. He gathered the most faithful of his army about him, and he said—"We will go to Bimini." He was sixty years old when he said this. He put on the bright breastplate and the polished helmet that he had worn in many wars, he went into all the churches that he had seen builded, he took farewell of the garden with the orange trees that he planted, and the pool that he had dug, and he took farewell of the people young and old that he had governed—and he went down to the harbor where his three ships were, all ready for the voyage.

He sailed for Hispaniola, from whence he would sail for the place where Bimini was. Now there are 700 islands in the sea that is around Hispaniola, and no one could tell him whether Bimini was, or was not, on any one of the islands. On every island he went to, he heard of searchers for Bimini—white men in great ships with sails, and red men in canoes—they had been there before him and had gone on. Ponce de Leon and his followers drank of the waters and bathed in the waters of every place they came to—and then each man waited to see if the magic change would come.

From island to island he went, drinking at the springs and the hidden fountains in each island, and in each leaving behind some man who had given up the quest, and who, marrying an Indian girl, had settled down to live in a straw hut there. Soon there were not men enough left to man his three ships; soon after that there were not enough to man two ships. Then, in one ship, and with but a few followers, he went to the islands in the sea around Hispaniola that he had not yet visited.

He came to an island that seemed to have no people upon it. He and his men searched through it, eating the fruits they found, and drinking at every spring and every hidden fountain. The rags that were their clothes dropped from their shrunken bodies. But still Ponce de Leon kept his bright breastplate and his polished helmet. At last, on that island, they found a human being. She was an Indian woman; she was stooped and wrinkled; but her voice was yet very loud and clear as she called out to them—"Ye have come to find Bimini; I will show you the way."

So the crone went down to the ship with them. Ponce de Leon called the island after her—La Vieja, the Old Woman—and he re-named his ship, calling it La Vieja also. She stood at the wheel and she piloted the ship around and between the islands, calling out the names of the islands, and telling Ponce de Leon that Bimini was not to be found on any of them.

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She steered for a coast that was south from the islands. The worms that were in that sea bored through the wood of the ship, so that it nearly settled down on the water. Night and day they had to bail the water out. And when they were able to catch a shark and eat it, they thought they had a fortunate day. On they sailed, and the seams of the ship opened, and the hoops fell from the casks and the water they had brought spilled out. But La Vieja still steered it and the ship went on. At last she brought them to a land that Ponce de Leon named. It was Florida; in that land, La Vieja swore, was Bimini—and in it was the Fountain of Youth.

They killed turtles that they found on the shore, and they roasted the meat, and ate, and set out upon the way, cutting through the thickets that were before them. "To Bimini," Ponce de Leon and his men said—the few men who remained with him—but their voices were no louder than whispers. "To Bimini," La Vieja said—and her voice was loud and clear.

But man after man of Ponce de Leon's followers lay down in the jungle and died. Soon there were none left but La Vieja and Ponce de Leon. They came out of the thickets and went across a grassy country. And now they had companions. For an old horse that had come up to them while they slept, hobbled behind them, and an old hound went limping beside it.

They went towards where they heard birds singing; very loudly the birds sang there, as if every tree was crowded with birds. They went amongst the trees and they went following the heavy parrots that flew before them. And then they came in sight of a glade, and they knew that they were in Bimini, and that before them was the Fountain of Youth.

There were trees there that were the noblest and tallest that Ponce de Leon had ever seen. And the trees stood around a spring, the waters of which bubbled up from the ground. All golden the waters seemed in the light of the rising sun. This was Bimini, but where were the people of Bimini? He called to them, but no voice came back.

As he stood there listening for a voice to come back to him, La Vieja went down and drank at the fountain. The old horse and the old hound went down and drank. Then the horse and the hound and the Indian woman lay down upon the ground. "I will drink now," said Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida, the governor of Porto Rico. He took off his breastplate and his helmet, and he stooped down to drink at the fountain. And even as he stooped down, an arrow flew towards him. It pierced his chest, and Ponce de Leon fell down upon his face, his mouth to the bubbling water. An Indian beside one of the trees had shot the arrow. Now he went and took the breastplate and the helmet that Ponce de Leon had laid down, and he stalked on. The horse and the hound and the old Indian woman lay on the ground, dreaming themselves back to youthfulness.

A WINDOW IN NEW YORK

By HELEN WALKER

THERE is a window in an old house in a forgotten part of New York. It was sometime in the 1850's when the house was erected, and now it is one of perhaps a dozen of its kind which still stand in old Chelsea.

In that pre-war period, their owners walked down the high steps leading to their dignified front doors, and if they turned west, came in a few minutes' stroll under spreading trees to the banks of the river.

Today shows those once green banks mercilessly encroached upon by warehouses, railroad tracks, and huge docks. But the old house, surrounded by alien neighbors, stands its ground, as serenely unmoved and unnoticing in inappropriate surroundings as some stately grande dame.

One enters it—and from the high ceilings and paneled walls, and winding stairway with its statuary niche at the turn, a breath of the past is shed upon one's spirit.

Once I climbed that stairway and went to a little room in the front of the house. There I found the window. It was a little window—and the panes of old glass were small and criss-crossed many times with crumbling window-framing. And what I saw from that window, thereafter brought me back many times.

Across the street stretches the long wall of one side of a theological seminary which occupies almost a block, and has, at intervals, on a level with the side-walk, square basement windows. These are set in, and have deep ledges. It was one of these ledges that I used to watch from my window in the curious old house.

Was it the warm shaft of sunlight that came to caress it each morning that first brought the blind man and the little boy there? I know not—for when I discovered them, their air of familiarity with it told me that it had long been a favorite resting place. They always came about eleven o'clock in the morning—the gentle old man, bent, ragged and white-haired, tapping the way with one hand on a cane, the other resting trustingly on the arm of the little boy. He was a very little boy—perhaps ten years old—with a shock of fair hair and eyes that laughed, and very shabby clothes.

They were of the poor, these two. I used to lean from my window and watch them. They would pause in front of the window-ledge of the seminary—the boy would spread something down on the ledge for the old man to sit upon. When they were both seated, the child would open a morning paper, and slowly, with difficulty, his brows puckered earnestly and his fingers tracing each line, he would read the news of the day aloud to his companion. The old man, leaning forward with both hands on his stick, would nod his head as he listened—then occasionally take one hand off the stick and put it on the boy's arm, as though questioning him. The answer always came smilingly. When the paper had been read, the two would sit, and from the child's enraptured face, upturned to the moving lips of the old man, I discovered that he was listening to tales. I wondered if they were tales of the sea—or of war—or of a youth spent in far-off lands, by alien shores, or among strange mountains. I never knew—for though in the summer I flung my ancient window high, and leaned forward to listen, the old man's voice never reached me. I could only hear the boy's when he was playing and excited. For he used to play sometimes. Occasionally an acquaintance would saunter along and pause—and soon the boy would be on his

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feet playing ball with the newcomer. Then he would laugh and chatter, scrambling about and sometimes crying out—"Oh, you should have seen *that* catch, Grandfather! It was a good one!" Or—"Oh, Grandfather, you should see how I can run." And the old man would smile and nod.

But if the playmate came too early, before the paper was read, the boy would shake his head at him, and keep resolute eyes on the printed sheet. Sometimes the playmate would scamper away and return later. At other times he would stand, impatiently wriggling from one foot to the other, but quietly, it is true—from which I learned that he held his friend in respect—which was strange, for he was older than the little boy by several years.

An hour or two would pass in this way—then the child would fold up the paper, gently help the old man to his feet, and slowly they would walk away as they had come—clear, young eyes seeing for the blind—guarding him at crossings—helping him over wet spots and around obstacles.

Who were these two? Their story, what? My ancient window never told me. It was as though, relic of an age of decorum and reticence, it considered it unseemly that I should seek to know more about them. Sufficient for me, child of a noisy age replete with warehouses, railroads, and docks, and sadly lacking in privacy and dignity, that I should be allowed to watch them every day—with something of heartache—listening to the old window's whisper—" 'and a little child shall lead them.' "

COMMUNICATIONS

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I wonder if I have missed a review in your columns of Maximilian Harden's Germany, France and England? I cannot believe that your reviewers have passed it over as unimportant, even though I do not agree with the publisher's (Brentano's) suggestion that it is the most important book that has come out of Germany since the war. Rather do I agree with the translator (Mr. William Cranston Lawton) that "every page will reward studious perusal."

Mr. Lawton has made the best of an extremely difficult translation. Harden's style has all the difficulties the German language can compass, plus an enormous number of colloquialisms and side remarks—in patois or journalese—immediately intelligible only to the German reading public. Still, he is not so difficult as some of the recent German philosophical theories which seem to have completely baffled one or two of our universities in translation. Harden does not express German thought. He has always offered to Germans unpalatable food. There have always been, during his writing career, many Germans who agreed in the main with his statement of facts and his interpretation; but though many, they have always constituted a minority—held to be unpatriotic, if not revolutionary.

An American, a former exchange professor (Yale-Berlin) who was captured by a German raiding party on the coast of Finland and sent down to Berlin (where, by the way, though interned, he was given complete liberty of movement and treated with exemplary courtesy) had most interesting comment to make, upon his return after the Armistice, on the widespread realization to which Harden refers among all classes of Germans back of the lines of the failure of the imperial government and its causes, and of the collapse of the German war effort at the very moment when the Allies were faltering before the last desperate thrust of the Emperor's armies and Belleau Wood. Still, though Harden states his facts and people know that they are facts, his is not a German point of view—it is too bitter a dose to swallow. Germany's method of primary education during two generations has not trained to individual thought and decision. It is a mass production school system, as is ours. Harden's old personal grudge against the Kaiser as typifying all that he resented, colors everything he writes (perhaps too vividly) just as Professor Ossendowski's experience of Russian administrative ineptitude and the barbarous cruelty of Russian coercive measures in Poland centre his resentment upon the faint tinge of Romanoff blood in the veins of the last emperor of Russia. Both critics of a system stand completely outside of the national life of the country concerned, though taking active part therein. Their observations have distinct value for that reason, properly analyzed by others who have not suffered personally.

There should be rich opportunity at this time for American historical students, who would study rather than quote oracularly, opinions inevitably and justifiably biased.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

SIR W. F. BARRETT

Charlottesville, Va.

TO the Editor:—Speaking of the late Sir W. F. Barrett and his book, On the Threshold of the Unseen, you say—"While affirming the fact (he believed it to be such) that there were manifestations which cannot be accounted for by any known physical theory, he stoutly maintained that the evidence pointed merely to the fact of the existence of discarnate beings, existing, as he used to put it, 'in the ether;' but that there was no evidence that such beings had ever been incarnate."

It seems to me that the last clause is somewhat misleading when compared with the last part of the following quotation from the thirteenth chapter, page 161, of the book—

"No candid student of the evidence, so carefully sifted in recent years, can (in my opinion) resist the conclusion that there exists an unseen world of intelligent beings, some of whom, as the succeeding chapters will show, have striven to prove, with more or less success, that they once lived on earth."

JAMES HARDY DILLARD.

The Million Dollar Rain

Dawn after dawn flung up the sky
Great flags of flaming light;
Noon after clanging noon crashed by;
Night swooned to breathless night.

Men cursed, while ravening sun dogs leapt
Upon their fields and flocks;
But dream-eyed Joan, prayer spent, bewept
Her fainting hollyhocks.

And then, one vast, black cloud-hulk rolled
Above the thirsty plain,
And from its lightning riven hold
Poured floods of quenching rain.

Men slept, held by the tempest's might
In half-sensed lyric thrall;
But dream-eyed Joan staid up all night
To watch the miracle.

HELEN PURSELL ROADS.

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POEMS OF SOUTH AMERICA

TRANSLATED BY THOMAS WALSH

Return to the Fatherland

"Land!" cries the sailor from the prow
As faint and distant rises now
The half distinguished line of shore
Between the mists and billows seen once more.
And gradually from the breast
Of far horizons rising there
A lofty mountain lifts its crest
Serene amid the upper air.
And as the schooner ploughs along,
The plains are seen to spread afar
In forms fantastical, among
The forms that shone so clear and strong
In dreams beneath my exiled star.

And now the vision gathers there,
The palm trees bordering the shore,
While breezes full of perfume rare
Of woodland violets and orange, store
My memory of days that were
So innocent and glad of yore.
When, few my years and few my woes,
But rich in fantasies and calm,
I played among the sandy flows
Beneath the spreading fronds of palm—
And heard the whispering of doves
That sipped the light and perfume of their loves.

Roll on, O swiftest of the waves,
Waters and birds and zephyrs, haste
To the land my inmost spirit craves,
And say I come across the waste
To my repose—I crave a moment's rest
Within the shadowy hearth-place of her breast.
Say that my longing is a mad desire
To reach that shore, my anguished heart
Like Tantalus is martyred dire—
Say that no instant, night or day,
From out my breast hath she been put away—
And bear the kiss I wave across the air
In tribute high and fair,
To speak what all my inmost soul would say!

Mother, I am here, from out the north,
To warm thee with a full and mute caress—
Alas, too late, for thou no more canst know—
Too late to waken thee in thy chill press,
To hear the sorrow that my heart pours forth.

Mother, I am here; the wings of destiny
Have swept me distant from thy side,
I, who would fame and fortune make
But for thy sake!
See, how inhuman fates decide
That I should come, poor outcast, back to thee
With naught to offer in my weary hand
But some poor blossom from the highroads wide—
And these last sighs that in my breast expand.

J. A. PEREZ BONALDE.
(*Venezuela.*)

As the Spring

Like to some ebon wing, thy tresses lie
Across my lap;
Closing thine eyes, thy perfumed breath
Arises, asking me—
"Think'st thou to sleep upon the mossy stones?
Hast twined thy locks with willow-bands?
Doth clover make their pillow? Are they black
With heavy juices of the broken grape,
With cloudy curdlings of the berry fields?
What fresh and rare new fragrances enfold thee?
Thine odor speaks of earth and rock-bound streams—
What perfumes dost thou waft?—I ask again."

"No scent, no perfume—
Only I am young and love thee—springtime is my breath.
This perfume that thou feel'st, is my firm flesh—
My stainless cheeks, my youthful blood.
I love thee and am young—and so I hold
The selfsame fragrance as the spring."

JUANA DE IBARBOUROU.
(*Uruguay.*)

Dialogue at Twilight

Books are perverse—read none of them, 'tis best—
From them have come my sorrows most intense.
Draw back the curtains, so the twilight show,
And turn your gaze into the night. Afar
The poem of the evening star, of heaven
In its cloudy death, holds deeper charm
Than the poor drowsy poetry that sleeps
Beneath its crown of tears within your book.
The grief from out these dusty pages shows
No trait of nobleness; 'tis the cursed grief
Of lust without its kisses, plotting sin—
And thou art far too pure, too rayed in white
To bend so low—read none of them, 'tis best—
Draw back the curtains.

RÉNÉ BORGIA.
(*Venezuela.*)

Flashing Eyes

Like two jewels in their casket set to glitter and display,
Thy two eyes are shut and opened ceaselessly in flutter bright;
And my soul has taken trouble in the fugitive array
Of the color of thy glances as they twinkle in the light.

If I only were a princess of the storied lands of Greece
With my tresses sculptured marble and my cheek of snowy stone
And my brows severely banded with white filleting of peace,
I should tell thee with my profile, "Come, for I am thine alone!"

O my great and lordly master, O my jeweler supreme,
Thou hast in thy sacred guerdon all of harmony in fee—
I implore thee, keep me ever, shining in the lurid gleam
Of thine Arab eyes, an image royal for the heart of thee!

MARIA EUGENIA VAS FERREIRA.
(*Uruguay.*)

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Fall of Eve

THE trouble all began when Eve Hutton took unto herself, as a confidential friend and adviser, one Amy Parker —Amy, who had never married, Amy, whose outward virtue frowned like Gibraltar, Amy, whose mind was a deep well of suspicion, envy and evil thoughts. Perhaps you know an Amy somewhere. Most of us do.

Amy was convinced that Ted Hutton's lady clients (Ted is a lawyer and makes up income taxes, divorce briefs and the like) were leading him astray, and before long Amy's convictions were transferred to Eve. Hence Eve's obsession—could Ted possibly have spent an entire night at the home of a motion picture actress making out her income tax for filing the next morning, without the certainty of evil consequences? The play is devoted to curing Eve's obsession by the devious channel of making her accidentally and innocently spend the night in the bachelor home of Ted's law partner.

As you can easily imagine, both the theme and the plot of this play lack originality. The comedy, to say the least, is not very subtle, since it depends largely on the scene where Ted's bachelor friends endow Eve with a heavy overdose of cocktails and champagne, with the innocent object of relieving her mental strain. When she has fallen heir to deep slumber, they trundle her into the library on a couch and set the negro mammy to watch before her door for the night. Later on, Eve, believing the worst of all men, is sure she has been betrayed—which leaves some further material for the last act to unravel. All in all, an artificial thesis, a cumbersome exposition and situations that are far from exalted.

But Ruth Gordon is supposed to redeem all this. Ruth Gordon, you will recall, is that talented comedienne who ran away with the honors in Mrs. Partridge Presents last season. The previous season she did an excellent bit of character acting in the leading rôle of Tweedles. So the critics all crowded eagerly to see her portray Eve Hutton—and apparently few of them were disappointed. She has, in fact, many tricks of voice, gait and gesture which would draw laughter regardless of the lines.

She is, unfortunately, too much Ruth Gordon at all times —the mannerisms are too many and too marked, the quality of the voice is too perpetual. She is her own amusing and delightful self, but she does not give the illusion of becoming the character. Instead the character becomes Ruth Gordon. As a matter of fact, she was at her best in Tweedles, where the gingham dresses of a down East country town and the pointed simplicity of the story helped to individualize the character. In Mrs. Partridge Presents, she made more of a personal triumph, and in the present play she is doing little more than repeat last year's work with an added touch of farce. Your fine artist—shall we say Blanche Yurka?—creates a different personality for each part. From even very poor material she can make something individual and distinct. Possibly Ruth Gordon can do this, too. But if, in her next play, she fails to create something new with the materials at her disposal, it may be necessary to say, with great regret, that she is just one more good "type" actress. Unfortunately the penalty of being nearly great is that no one is satisfied unless you are great. Ruth Gordon at present is nearly a fine artist.

The Book of Charm

IF you are not in an over critical mood and want good solid entertainment, The Book of Charm will answer your requirements neatly. It is, I understand, John Kirkpatrick's first play; and a mighty good beginning it is, well cast, blithely acted and adequately staged.

The scene, a country town in the languid stretches of the South. The story, a girl who is determined to get away to New York where she can meet "those charming people" and "work and live" or perhaps, "live and work;" a young drug clerk who decides that the home surroundings can supply all the necessary charm and proceeds to prove it after buying from a glib book agent one of those superb volumes which tell you how to do everything in the pluperfect fashion and how to acquire that "indefinable illusive something called charm."

The boy, Joe Pond, is probably a distant cousin of Merton of the Movies. Charm holds for him the same glamor that the movies held for Merton. In fact, he takes to charm as a bird to the air, flapping his wings joyously in the ozone of an etiquette appropriate only to the defunct court of the Dual Monarchy. Nor is he content to flock alone on the pinnacle of his discovery. Ida May Harper simply must not leave the town. The whole Harper family must acquire charm. He feeds it to them in luxurious doses, straight from the six hundred and forty-two page book. Father Harper absorbs it grudgingly and bewildered. Mrs. Harper has trouble deciding whether she shall be more like Dido or Cleopatra, receiving her guests in an improvised chaise-longue, whereat they all think she must be sick.

In spite of all this effort—and for reasons not hard to guess—the charm has no seduction for Ida May until she sees it begin to work in the drug store. The feminine portion of the town discovers Joe's transformation. Young and old, married and single, it flocks to the soda fountain on any and every excuse. In fact, from the evening when Joe publicly lost his poise enough to give Ida May a kiss at the conclusion of a "charming" tango, the business of the drug store trebles and quadruples. Ida May thought she was angry about that outrageous kiss until she observes its broadcast effects. Then, she decides that her trip to New York is quite unnecessary.

Nothing, as you can see, is deeply sophisticated about this story. Here and there, when it lapses from delicate satire into broad farce, it becomes so improbable and exaggerated that, as I said, it can hardly challenge a critical frame of mind. But the lines are peppered here and there with neat turns which leave you chuckling broadly; and the acting is, almost without exception, excellent.

The real honors fall to the trustees of two minor rôles. The joyously talkative and banal Mrs. Wilson, who can talk longer about a purchase of animal crackers than any known human being, was brought to spotlight prominence by Maidel Turner. At least twice, she rescued the whole play from threatened collapse by her sheer exuberance. And Lee Tracy's five-minute opportunity as Rudolph Klein, the irresistible book agent, would make an historic vaudeville sketch by itself. For superlative comedy acting in a satirical play of fair, if not distinguished, qualities, you will find the Book of Charm refreshing.

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BOOKS

La Conversione Religiosa, by Sante de Sanctis. Bologna: Zanichelli.

IT is really a noteworthy social phenomenon that for the contemporary European or American, the word "conversion" means only one thing—return to the central Christian Catholic tradition. In this country the term has as fixed a connotation as "church-goer" or "getting religion." And therefore many people—especially people who fancy they have ironic minds—are naturally puzzled to account for the tremendous drift which in this age carries souls to Rome. William James's Varieties of Religious Experience was written at a time when Catholicism was merely one of many attractive creeds; Mr. Lunn's Roman Converts appeared at an hour when Catholicism had attained something like a monopoly of fascination. Yet both books are alike in that they try honestly to account for the upheavals of religious experience. What makes converts? Is there anything abnormal or unbalanced about them? Can we discover laws governing the phenomena? These questions are interesting to the detached psychologist. They are of some importance also to missionaries. Perhaps they will not utterly bore the general reader.

The recent book by Sante de Sanctis is an unusually significant study of the processes of conversion. The author is a professor in the Royal University of Rome; he is a distinguished psychotherapeutist; and he is the head of a very successful institute for the treatment of abnormal children. La Conversione Religiosa is not a contribution to apologetics, but the work of a scientist who approaches his subject dispassionately, in the hope of finding material that will advance the progress of what is called "new" psychology. It is profound and searching; it is alert to follow tangents suggested by the various schools of psychotherapeutics; and it is reviewed here with the help of an exhaustive study by Hugo Ball, whose specialty is ascetic literature and whose conclusions, one is justified in saying, are fairly trustworthy.

De Sanctis's aim is to show that genuine religious and mystical phenomena are essentially healthy and valuable "socially." He repudiates that rather absurd medical scepticism which in recent years has employed psychiatry to label every kind of genius or sanctity as "insane" or "decadent"—the sort of thing exemplified for English readers by Stanley Hall. By means of careful distinctions, he separates the boundaries of mental normalcy from neuropathic vagaries. The book begins by saying that the one motive common to all converts is painful experience of some kind—"Suffering is the only factor necessary to conversion, even though it may be insufficient by itself." Why? Because suffering brings with it sublimation—reorganization of the spiritual powers, and longing for the accomplishment of what is essential to relief. Even a superficial study of typical conversions will bear out the truth of this statement; and we may recall Newman's conviction that religion's "large and deep foundation is the sense of sin; and without this sense there can be for man, as he is, no genuine religion." Similarly De Sanctis concludes that conversion is not a sharp and momentary occurrence, but the crisis in a psychic development which goes back to childhood. The individual must be spiritually predisposed before he can become conscious of the need for faith. This predisposition includes the various painful or disillusioning experiences that may have fallen to one's lot; but it is based upon the instinct to believe which is characteristic of childhood —an instinct as deeply rooted and as salutary for the proper development of the human personality as any other basic impulse.

Certain of the terms noted—sublimation, conscious, impulse —show, of course, our author's allegiance to modern concrete psychology, as we understand it.

It would be quite absurd, in this day and age, to repudiate wholly the findings of Freud and his peers; and perhaps the most valuable portions of De Sanctis's book are those in which he discusses the prevailing theories about the subconscious, and investigates their bearing upon his theme. "On the whole," he says, "we cannot accept a doctrine which posits an all-powerful subliminal consciousness. That would mean adopting the belief that everyone carries hidden within himself a greater and more genuine ego than he knows—an ego that comes suddenly and irresistibly into the foreground, and that permits consciousness to exist only in a state of thraldom." He differs sharply from Freud, and offers instead a theory of infra-consciousness which allows ample room to freedom of the will and rational thinking.

Really important and of particular interest is De Sanctis's explanation of how the ancient ascetic processess of the Church are genuine psychotherapeutic remedies. Citing Thomas á Kempis and Gerson, he declares that "religious moral and ascetic discipline have always provided means with the aid of which the healing process of sublimation (i. e., the throwing off of hampering psychic conditions) could be assisted in so far as they were automatic and strengthened voluntarily when once begun."

No brief discussion of the book can examine into the scientific data upon which its conclusions rest. It must suffice to say that De Sanctis makes a brief for the normal character of the religious instinct; that he defines conversion as a process by which, as the result of inhibitions and failures, the individual is brought back to a point where he gives faith its rightful place in the soul's life; and that, while conceding to grace its marked and mysterious power, he maps out with singular consistency the course which a conversion usually takes. The reader who bears in mind what Newman says of the will and its relation to spiritual progress, can easily correlate modern psychology by seeing how true it is that volition helps to restore the normal health of the soul, once sickness or discomfort has been recognized by the psychic organism. Because De Sanctis's work is the first worthy attempt by a modern psychologist to study the religious instinct in the terms of his science, it strikes many as epoch-making. We should concede, at least, that it fortifies a great many accepted principles and theories of ascetic practice.

Leaving the immediate topic of conversion, the author launches into a discussion of mystical phenomena. Those who know the writings of Father Thurston realize how baffling the subject is. Perhaps no one has treated it either more discerningly or reverently than De Sanctis. He makes what seems an irrefutable case for the non-pathological character of the great mystics, and dismisses as "rhetoric" much that passes for psychological study of religious phenomena. This section of the book is, however, a logical continuation of the first, because the mystics illustrate the act of conversion in its highest and purest sense.

It is sincerely to be hoped that now, when various forms of "new" psychology are widely studied, the salutary and eminently scientific conclusions of the Roman professor will become widely known in the United States.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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The Clock, by Alexsei Remizov. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONLY those readers who are "in the highest degree, curious and attentive" in their attitude to life, will be likely to adjust themselves to its painful and pitiful aspects as revealed in this book. The picture Remizov paints is not one of Dostoievsky's huge, sprawling canvases. In them, however brutal and terrible, there is all of life. Crime and Punishment and The Brothers Karamazov are vast, heavily manured fields in which every variety of grain and weed, life-giving and noxious, springs up. Rank smells and distorted shapes are forgotten because of the vein of spiritual tenderness, purifying as clear water, running through the whole.

In The Clock, because the canvas is smaller, the scene more pinched, the ugliness of the figures upon it is more sharply defined. The story, which is full of a sad and bitter irony, is a segment of the history of a diseased family—ordinary people caught in the wheel of extraordinary circumstances—all except the dwarf Kostya and the victimized girl, Kataya, cowed and quailing before a hostile and implacable life. The other characters, Sergey Andreyevitch, the escaped bankrupt master; Khristina, his wife, who turns to Nelidov; Nelidov, who never knew his own mind; the horrible old father; the master goldsmith; the lovers, Motya and Raya—all seek for themselves through greed, physical passion or suicide, some loophole of escape from the misery of their lives.

They are in a state of spiritual starvation; life is to them a sterile waste inhabited by wolves, and their souls are not of such a stature that they can take the facts of their terrible existence and transmute them. Always they run away from the present tragedy only to have it, in some other form, ferret them out and destroy them. "They are one to the other as unnecessary objects, obstructions from which it was simply impossible to know how to get away; they are one to the other as a heavy yoke, a cross come from God for unknown sins." Each, oppressed with his own pain, is living as though life began and ended in him—moving darkly in an agonized circle, his love-life drying up like a withered flower.

In North of Boston there is a similarity of situation. Frost's types, in spite of racial differences, are also usual people under unusual circumstances—those of extreme isolation and utter monotony. To ride such conditions successfully, one must permit the skin and nerves of finer feeling to become paralyzed and calloused. Such a hardened figure is the father in the poem, Home Burial—the father who buries the body of his child with something of the stoical indifference of the earth which receives it.

Kostya, the mad, deformed dwarf who tastes the bitterness of despair over his own unloveliness, has the poet's heart. His is a passionate love of beauty, a defiant, yearning strength that will dominate and emotionally transcend, suffering—the strength of a gnarled and shapeless tree through which a strong wind blows! Kostya is the winder of the clock in the cathedral belfry. Kostya is sure that by setting the hands of the clock ahead as he pleases, he can alter his own fate and the fate of mankind. He is a creator who will force the world into his own mold.

In contrast utterly to his crazy triumph is the passive acceptance of fate by the dying girl, Kataya; and there is also powerful contrast between Nelidov's analytical and intellectual emotion and Khristina's passion. The scene of Nelidov's death is as bitterly ironical as his life is futile. Such an end for one, who of all others, would have wished to meet death gloriously, is more than sordid—it is absurdly pathetic. The reader feels only sardonic amusement. On the whole the note is one of relief, rather than horror.

The Clock is a true story of small souls, of which Kostya is the greatest. Its writing is unique, both in sense of rhythm and in choice of remarkable figures. It responds to the acid test for it evokes continual pity and terror, and at intervals, unlocks the doors of beauty—the beauty of inevitable, tragic nature. The author is, however, only partly at one with these children of his mind. Because of this he falls far short of the great master he imitates. He is a caricaturist. A condescending compassion is not true compassion. Kostya, the personage of the book, is his real offspring; the others are tolerations. The depths of Remizov's toleration may have been reached in The Clock, but not the depths of his spiritual admiration and exultation. It is a diet of human nature that should be enriched. Like the man in Crime and Punishment, one cries—"What you need is fresh air, fresh air!"

The book terminates with three brief allegories that are virtually prose poems—The White Heart, The Betrothed, and Easter. The White Heart is the inner tragedy of a deserted and ignored grandmother—stricken Russia herself. The Betrothed, an exquisite sketch, is a wish-fulfilment—a union for the man and woman who are most truly lovers; as delicate and candid as if its words were writen in dew and possessing the swing of a genuine lyric. Easter is the Russian conception of the drama of the Resurrection, tenderly and beautifully drawn. The raw realities of The Clock, differing totally in substance, may yet be blood brothers to these dreams. For are not Russian dreams sprinkled with blood and tears?

LAURA BENÉT.

The Cell in Development and Heredity, by Edmund B. Wilson. Third Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company. $9.00.

THE history of this book is a mirror of the history of the growth of our knowledge of cytology. I well remember the delight with which the first edition was welcomed in 1896. Then, for the first time, we had a complete account of the cell, as it was known at that date. It was but a slender volume, I forget of how many pages, for I have not preserved my copy. But the second edition, in 1900, had less than five hundred—index and all. And now, in a quarter of a century, it has grown to a massive volume containing over twelve hundred pages.

During this period, other manuals of varying excellence have seen the light, including those of Doncaster and Agar but Wilson still holds the field as immeasurably the most complete account in the English—I think in any—language, a statement which I do not think that anyone will gainsay. Occupying such a position, little time need be spent in praising the completeness of the work and the excellence of its illustrations. Those interested in the philosophical side of the question will naturally turn to those portions of the book which refer to general problems such as the vitalistic explanation, and here the recent observations of Boveri on the character of the nucleus and the specificity of the chromosomes are worthy of very serious thought.

Those who are familiar with Driesch's masterly work, The Science and Philosophy of the Organism, will be well aware that that excellent biologist and philosopher founded his important argument as to vitalism very largely upon the experiment with the developing ovum of Amphioxus. When the

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single cell of which that originally consists has divided up so as to form a little raspberry-like group of cells, sixteen in number, were the normal course of development to continue, those sixteen cells, increasing in number, would form a single new individual. But the experimenter comes along and shakes the mass of cells in a test-tube full of sea-water until they come apart. An end of that business most would imagine, but not so, for each of these cells sets to work and by division forms a new individual so that the cell which normally would only have contributed one-sixteenth to the fabric actually contributes sixteen-sixteenths—a truly marvelous but well established fact.

Driesch argued that if the ovum was a machine, this would be an impossible history, since no machine could divide each equi-potential into subsidiary machines. Now Boveri shows that there must be a normal combination of chromosomes, i. e., the tiny masses of nuclear substance (supposed to carry at least the Mendelian factors of inheritance) and thus it is claimed that the nucleus does in fact conform to Driesch's idea of a machine. Must we then agree that the nucleus is an original preformation? The question is one of great importance and cannot yet be said to be cleared up. Whatever may be the outcome, there remain so many arguments against the mechanistic explanation that its defenders—and it still has such—have a difficult task before them in answering Driesch; for it may be remembered that the argument alluded to above is but one of three and does not by any means entirely depend upon the amphioxus experiment.

It need hardly be said that this is not a work for popular reading, but no philosophical library should be without it, still less, of course, any library frequented by biologists.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Little Poor Man, by Harry Lee. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

THE correct instinct of the Poetry Society for literature suitable to the modern theatre is well borne out in the text of The Little Poor Man that has been awarded the prize in drama for this year.

Success in literature and success in stage writing are not always the similar things they should be; but nobody who sees upon the stage and reads in the libretto the first act of The Little Poor Man can have any doubt that we have here the revelation of a real talent for the stage and a very fine original mind in letters. The rest of the drama follows the historical outline of the life of Saint Francis and while the opportunities for stage effect are very ably adapted, it is in the first act we encounter what is really the re-creation of a period and character-setting almost entirely the poet's own in conception. In reading the text it seems that the theatre has never been forgotten by the poet; that Mr. Harry Lee has his forte marked out for the stage and not for the library. This; however, cannot silence in us the great praise that is his for the beautiful sermon of Saint Francis at the door of the church, and the very exquisite expression of his character which is to be found in the final act of the play.

A new poet is born for the stage. It is to be regretted that here, in New York at least, there is not so large an audience for the spiritual side of the theatre as there is in Paris, Berlin and Scandinavia: perhaps in our less noisy cities of North America there may exist cultivated groups ready to accept these innovations of the theatre of art.

THOMAS WALSH.

BRIEFER MENTION

Ocean Passages of the World, Winds and Currents. Compiled by Boyle T. Somerville. London: Admiralty Hydrographic Department. 18/6.

THIS massive volume, which became available to the public in 1924, is one which will be read by master mariners only, and the like, going about the high seas "on their lawful occasions." In the main it consists of sailing directions, indications as to probable winds, and notes of ocean currents, which convert it, for the purposes of landsmen, into one of those "Biblia Abiblia" of which Samuel Johnson used to speak. Poor, however, must be the imagination which does not revel in the maps, for to many men (including the present writer) maps are an overmastering passion, and the huge examples in the pocket at the back of this book are in themselves well "worth the price of admission." With these, and some reference to the text, one can easily see what the Gulf Stream, the Kuro Siwo and other noted ocean currents do; where they form; where they go; where they die out. There is quite a lot of fun to be got out of these maps, even if the reading in the book is "interesting but confused."

The Spread of the Church a Proof of Her Divinity, by John A. O'Brien. New York: The Paulist Press. $.05.

THE argument of the divinity of the Church through its extension throughout the world, must come with special force into small communities of Catholics, isolated in a way among large masses of population, or in small backwaters of civilization throughout our continent. Dr. O'Brien, the Catholic chaplain of the University of Illinois, has appreciated and met the fact with a brief and extremely clever brochure that brings out clearly the singular point he conveys. "The success which attended the labors of the Apostles is the most phenomenal in all history—with such striking kaleidoscopic rapidity was the the evangelization of the pagan world effected, that Tertullian, a convert to the new religion living in the second century, was able to address these words to the Roman emperor—'We are but of yesterday, and we fill all that is yours—your cities, your islands, your military posts; your boroughs, your council chambers, and your camps; the palace, the senate, the Forum —your temples alone we leave you.'—From whatever angle the great drama be viewed, the student of history with an eye single to the facts and with a vision unjaundiced by prejudice, is compelled to cry out—'This religion must be born not of man, but of God, for it has triumphed when, according to all laws of history, it should have failed.'"

La Visión, by Miguel Rasch Isla. Bogotá: Tipografia Ariel.

THE land of José Asencion Silva and Guillermo Valencia has reason to feel assured of its poetical preëminence in possessing the young poet, Miguel Rasch Isla, a Colombian of half-German origin, who is among the leading literary figures of the capital city of Santa Fé de Bogotá. With more deliberation, more preparation, more culture than most of the South American poets, Rasch Isla possesses a philosophical quality—perhaps due to Germanic forbears—that speaks well for his future singing as it has raised his already published poetry well above the general average in Spanish. La Visión is a poem in two cantos, following the scheme of Dante and the terza rima structure. Rasch Isla writes in this metre very beautifully. We must hope for a translator into English of its beauties.

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THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

"There has been much protest recently in the English press, against the Americanizing of London," said Dr. Angelicus. "Long articles, nay editorials, have appeared, on the outrageousness of disturbing that artistic, misty darkness that has been wont to overhang the ancient city in its evening hours, by the introduction of the electric signs that have made Broadway famous. Now undoubtedly, it is fair to say, 'London for the Londoner'—and if the true Britisher prefers his great city wrapped in gloom, he deserves to have it that way. But likewise, I am for the slogan, 'New York for the New Yorker.' Let us start a campaign against the Anglicizing of New York."

"What English customs, introduced into America, do you oppose?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"There are many; but let us begin first with the injury done that fine and honorable old heritage, own child of our glorious country—the American accent. The insidious attempt to Anglicize it is constantly going on. Now Gilbert may have sung—'There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,' but I would add, in the same vein—'and in English spoken with a nasal accent.' It may be a beauty that only our own countrymen can appreciate—but beauty, as has so often been said, is purely relative. For us, our pronunciation possesses the beauty of the advantage of its being distinguishable from that of the English—an advantage that renders us able, on meeting strangers, to know at once whether they are countrymen or not, thus avoiding such embarrassing contretemps as the telling of an American joke to a representative of a race that laughs in the middle, when at all. This alone is justification enough for the American accent—but there are also other reasons why we should continue carefully to talk through our noses and to flatten our 'a's.' "

"What are they?" demanded Miss Anonymoncule, who was taking lessons in diction.

"Well," said the Doctor, "it is obvious that the broad 'a,' as advocated by the English, can, if carried to extremes, prove most annoying, not to say illiterate. I remember a London bobby who guarded one of the museums in London. I approached him to ask where I could find a certain signature of Dante on exhibition there. He shook his head perplexedly as I pronounced the great poet's name. Eventually I had to spell Dante out for him. Whereupon light dawned, and he said patronizingly—'Oh, yes, you mean Daunty.'

"It would be a terrible thing if the accent of our New York policeman, possessed of its own peculiar beauty, were to be corrupted by that of the London bobby. We should fight vigorously against the English pollution of our tongue, growing so widespread with the yearly flock of British lecturers. To bring the danger closer to home, think for a moment what would happen right here in our own library, if we should, in a conscientious attempt to use the broad 'a,' call Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mor; and pushing the matter further, if we should refer to that delightful associate of ours who is a graduate of that college, as a Bryn Moron. I fear she would leave the library forever."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Anonymoncule, "I shall have to unlearn all my lessons in diction."

"Why are you taking lessons in diction?" asked Angelicus, suspiciously.

"I'm going to act in some amateur theatricals," admitted

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Miss Anonymoncule guiltily. "Do you think someone might be able to teach me to act?"

"Well," said Dr. Angelicus, guardedly, "Augustus Thomas once taught his dog to be an actor.

"Yes," he went on, ignoring Miss Anonymoncule's speechless look of protest, "and very good the dog was, too. I saw him go through a rehearsal once. The play was one where the identity of a murderer had to be ascertained. The dog knew his cue perfectly. At every rehearsal he would wait eagerly in the wings, and when it came, he would bound upon the stage, pause a moment, as he had been directed to do, looking at all the players. Then he would leap at the shoulder of the murderer and bark repeatedly. He never missed the right cue or the right man. After he had played his part, he would trot off-stage, find Mr. Thomas, who was watching the rehearsal from the wings, and lie down contentedly at his feet.

"The play had its first night in Atlantic City. The dog played his part beautifully—only that night when he trotted off into the wings he could not find Mr. Thomas, who was sitting somewhere in the audience. After searching about, he leaped out on the stage once more, barked questioningly once or twice, then jumped into a box, looked around, and finally made off through an exit door which was standing ajar and went searching his master, whom he eventually found after the performance was over. That was several years ago, but he has never forgotten his part. Occasionally now, after dinner, Mr. Thomas will send him out of the room, having first told him there was to be a rehearsal. His owner will say a few lines of the play, the dog, panting excitedly outside the door, will wait for his cue. When it comes, out he will bound, and select an onlooker (who is frequently somewhat startled) as the villain.

"So you think," said Miss Anonymoncule, indignantly, "that if Mr. Thomas's dog can learn to act, perhaps I can!"

"Ah, but that dog," said Dr. Angelicus suavely, "is obviously a very remarkable dog."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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